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PRESENTATION OF TESTIMONIALS TO CAPTAIN MURRELL, OF THE STEAM-SHIP MISSOURI, AT THE MANSION HOUSE.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

If some of the virtues, such as patriotism, are denied to small communities (inasmuch as they are too weak for self-defence) they have, on the other hand, some advantages; and the smaller they are, the more freely these can be exercised. Sark, for example—so brief, both along and across, that a joker has termed it “cutty Sark”—enjoys the privilege of a paternal rule. Its inhabitants are treated by its Seigneur as members of his family, with the charming addition, unknown to Paterfamilias, of being able to get rid of them at will. It is even obligatory, or used to be so, that they should ask his consent to marry—a not unnecessary restriction in an island where a couple of births above the average would cause a serious overflow of population. What makes Sark so enviable, however, is its law of “deportation,” which admits of any objectionable inhabitant being *chased* to some other locality. In many respects there is no more charming island in the world. It has finer cliff scenery, steeper precipices, a more romantic situation, and a cheaper market, than any other spot in her Majesty’s dominions; but this power of divesting itself of the Objectionable renders it a foretaste of heaven. The law has just been put in force against some individual who has rendered himself obnoxious by obstructing a right-of-way—an outrage, indeed, in a country only half-a-mile broad—and the incident is calculated to fill less fortunate communities with envy. How delightful it must be to live in a land where disagreeable people can be got rid of—not put to death, of course, but merely “shunted” somewhere else, where their merits, if they have any, will be better appreciated! If I were Seigneur of my Sark, the population would be reduced to very modest limits. The people who keep dogs to howl at night, and cocks to crow in the morning, would have a little longer law to give them time to remove their live stock; but a very large number of persons—whom it is unnecessary and would be invidious to particularise—would have to clear out within twelve hours.

There has long been a doubt, in a profession whose members are distinguished above all others for their humility and unassuming behaviour, as to who is the most modest author who ever lived. Some people assign the proud position to Homer, on account of the care with which he has concealed his birthplace; but, again, it is asserted that his works were written by more than one person—indeed, by a sort of “syndicate” of poets—and belong to nobody in particular. Others think Shakespeare the most modest of writers (though Mr. Bowdler thought otherwise), on the ground that he has not left a scrap of manuscript behind him; but Mr. Donnelly thinks this easily explicable, upon the ground that he never did write anything. If we are to believe some recent evidence produced in a French law case, however, the laurel for modesty should be awarded to M. Auguste Maquet, the administrators of whose estate produce certain MSS. to show that he wrote the chief part of “Monte Christo” and “Three Musketeers,” and yet suffered Dumas the elder to reap the fame and the profit of them. A man that could write “Monte Christo,” and yet not say so, during his lifetime, must indeed be indifferent to renown. One explanation of the affair, though not altogether to the credit of Dumas, relieves his memory from what would otherwise be certainly a shameful stain. He was indolent to an extraordinary degree, and gave his genius a great deal of license. He probably found the ideas for his work, and deputed the task of clothing them in words to his subordinate. Certain it is, when the latter wrote in his own name, he produced no “Monte Christo.” Dumas may even have dictated the marvellous story, and Maquet may have been the writer of it merely in the mechanical sense. It is difficult to imagine anyone so deficient in egotism as to have played the part which the Tribunal of Justice seems to have assigned him, and least of all a Frenchman.

Whether justly or not, men of science have the reputation of being sceptical, and it is certainly rare, indeed, to find them drawing pictures of the celestial regions. Sir John Lubbock, however, in his “Pleasures of Life,” has not hesitated to answer the question—

Can God provide,

For the large heart of man what shall not pall,

in the world beyond the grave? What he conceives the delights of Immortality to be are “the solution of problems which have puzzled us here; . . . the world of animals and plants; the wonders of the stars and the regions beyond the stars. . . . When we have made the great tour, fresh interests will have arisen, and we may well begin again.” This is the dream of the Savan with a vengeance. An eternal round of search and discovery is his idea of future, as it is of present, felicity. It is perhaps, natural enough, for “there is nothing like leather;” but the aspiration certainly reminds us of the bibulous sailor who was promised any three gifts that he might desire. Rum was naturally his first thought, but rum was also his second, and his third was “More rum.” A very little science suffices for some of us, to whom the differential calculus itself sounds like some species of arithmetical error. For my part, if I thought I was going to be set down to Euclid again, as a reward for my virtues, I should put a stop to that arrangement by doing something wicked at once. Philosophers, who are also bankers, may work as much or as little as they please, and can put their legs up, and read the best hundred books at their leisure. But there are less fortunate persons who have had quite enough of work in this world, and are in hopes that heaven may answer its old description of being a place where the weary are at rest.

Everyone knows how English names like Cholmondeley puzzle the foreigner when he hears them pronounced as they should be. There is a fine old crusted story of a certain Continental visitor to our shores who was persuaded by a wag that the Henley-upon-Thames of which he had read in print was rendered in speech as Stratford-upon-Avon. But many

even of our written names are unintelligible to the alien. This is especially the case with those of our bishops. It is well known that the famous discoverer of the Gorilla bitterly complained that among other people he knew nothing about, and who would keep asking him to dinner, was a “Mr. Samuel Oxon;” an eminent American the other day expressed his astonishment that so well-educated a person as the Bishop of London should spell that city with an “i,” since he signed his name F. Londin.; while another opined that it was a misprint for Blondin. The practice is certainly affected, and will doubtless be some day thought as ridiculous as writing the epitaph of an Englishman in the Latin tongue—as if it was the dead language.

We are promised the *autobiography* of a young gentleman which is said to be entitled “How I Got Through £300,000 in Eighteen Months.” This is certainly quick work, but it does not beat the record. £16,000 a month is a slow rate of pecuniary phlebotomy compared with the good old times when £40,000 used to change hands in St. James-street in a single night. Still, if speed in expenditure is a virtue, the operation must be allowed to be creditable. The cynic, indeed, may say, “If this gentleman would tell us how to acquire £300,000 in eighteen months, instead of losing it, it would be more to the purpose”: but that achievement has also been accomplished before now, and from many points of view has not been much to boast about. I suppose there is some sense of exaltation in having made one’s mark in the world in any line, even if it is only in having proved oneself to be a bigger fool than one’s neighbours; and from the immense satisfaction people seem to derive from letting you know they have once seen better days, there is probably a pleasure in the reflection that one has got through “a pot of money.” What the poet says of love may be true of play: ‘tis better to have played and lost than never to have played at all; but so far as moderate stakes are concerned (which is my only experience of the matter) I confess I prefer to win. How the coming author got through his money is, of course, a secret to be revealed; but there are a good many ways—and quick ways, too—of doing it. A promising young statesman, who made many experiments in this science, has left on record what he considered to be the quickest way. He had kept race-horses, and everything else (except, by-the-by, his terms at Lincoln’s Inn, about which there was a pretty story), but he came to the conclusion that keeping a newspaper which couldn’t keep itself was the best recipe.

A young gentleman of fashion, on the other hand, once informed me that, taking all things into consideration (and his notion of “all things” that you lose money at was pretty wide), the most expensive thing a man can have to do with is pigeons. This may sound a little strange, for he was not speaking of fancy pigeons, but of the common “blue rock”; but I am inclined to think that his thoughts were reverting not so much to the bird as the gun.

Where is Loretto? Not the shrine of that name in journeying to which the sagacious penitent before putting peas into his shoes took the precaution of boiling them, but Loretto School. Someone has kindly sent me, à propos of my little note about school periodicals, a number of the *Lorettonian*; but what academy it represents is, for me, shrouded in mystery. Loretto does not sound at all like a Scotch name, and the little paper is, moreover, humorous; yet Scotch it must be because of its high praise of golf. “There is no sensation in the world,” it says, “like that of feeling a clean-hit tee-shot go away whistling its challenge for a race to the lark in the clouds,” a sentiment worthy of Christopher North (of whom, indeed, it reminds one), and which could certainly have been written by no Southerner. The peculiarity of the *Lorettonian*, however, and one which lifts it far above its juvenile compeers, is that it is amusing. It even treats the topic of Educational Reform (which does not easily lend itself to fun) in a lively spirit. My number is but an odd one, but I gather from it that some of the most important subjects which daily strain the human intellect to its utmost limits—such as the understanding of Bradshaw—have been already handled in this airy manner. The mission the little periodical has undertaken is, indeed, no less than to indicate “the proper lines on which the reform of the scholastic system should really run.” It perceives the absurdity of teaching ancient geography when the method of getting from one place to another—such as home from school—remains still unexplained. In the number before me, it insists upon the infinite superiority as a mental training—quite apart from the pleasure and profit to be got out of it—of Whist to Euclid. As to the relative interest of those studies, the subject is not worth debating. “Who,” asks the *Lorettonian*, “would not rather work out the Vienna *coup* than the parallelogram of forces? Can the figure of a rhomboid with homologous sides drawn on a blackboard compare for a moment (for intelligent attraction) with a pack of cards?” It would not even be surprised if students were found willing to work out of school hours at this new branch of the curriculum, and to come “three at a time to the lecturer’s room” from the mere desire of instruction.

Some people’s children (though not many) are a pecuniary advantage to their parents, instead of the contrary; and blessed is the man, indeed, who has his quiver full of that description of arrow. A child-fairy in a pantomime has hitherto been considered the earliest specimen of a bread-winner; but now there are prize babies. One of them, or, rather, the property she realised, has already, I am sorry to say, become the subject of litigation. At eight months old she acquired (at a baby show) a teapot, a sugar-basin, and a cream-jug. One would naturally have thought that these valuable articles would have been held in trust for her by her father; but his mother-in-law has taken possession of them. “I shall not give them up,” she says, “till baby is old enough to know their

use.” This is assuming “the custody of an infant” in a manner never contemplated by the Court of Chancery, and will undoubtedly increase the prejudice against mothers-in-law. It would be hard on Paterfamilias if all his children’s christening cups were to be added to his wife’s mother’s stock of family plate till they were old enough to drink brandy-and-soda out of them; and the Judge, I am glad to say, has taken this view of the matter. If our baby wins a pap-boat of precious metal, it is reasonable that he should enter into immediate possession of it; but if the prize is of an adult character, such as a punchbowl or a silver cigarette-case, it seems only right and proper that his father should have the usufruct of it, rather than his grandmother.

THE COURT.

CELEBRATION OF THE QUEEN’S BIRTHDAY.

The Queen celebrated her seventieth birthday on May 24, the anniversary being kept for the first time for several years at Windsor Castle instead of in Scotland. Magnificent weather favoured the occasion, and the Royal borough put on its gayest dress in honour of her Majesty, the ancient Guildhall and the principal buildings being festively decked with bunting, while the bells of St. George’s Chapel and the parish church pealed merrily at intervals. The loyal demonstrations of the burgesses were, however, eclipsed by the Trooping of the Colour by the soldiers of the Windsor Garrison. The ceremony, which was of a brilliant character, took place in the morning on the Castle Quadrangle, in the presence of the Queen and Court. Her Majesty was accompanied by Princess Christian, Princess Louise, the Duchess of Albany, Princesses Victoria and Louise of Schleswig-Holstein, and Countess Erbach-Schönberg, sister of Prince Henry of Battenberg, who, together with Prince Christian, was also present.

The Queen’s “Honours List” includes the conferring of baronetcies on Mr. J. E. Boehm, R.A.; Mr. George Burns, the founder of the Cunard Steam-Ship Line; Mr. William MacKinnon, C.I.E.; Sir George Porter, Surgeon-in-Ordinary to her Majesty in Ireland; and Professor George Gabriel Stokes, President of the Royal Society. Among other distinctions gazetted are the promotion of the Duke of Edinburgh to the rank of G.C.B., Prince Albert Victor to be Major in the 10th Hussars, while their Highnesses Princess Victoria of Schleswig-Holstein and Princess Victoria of Teck have been decorated with the Order of the Crown of India. Sir William Jenner becomes G.C.B., Riaz Pasha, G.C.M.G., and Colonel Henry Yule, K.C.S.I. There are also many other distinguished nominations in the several chivalric Orders of the Empire.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, on the 24th unveiled a statue of the Queen which had been erected in the Medical Examination Hall on the Victoria Embankment, as illustrated and described on another page.

The picturesque display attending the Trooping of the Colour was repeated, as usual, on the Horse Guards’ Parade, on the 25th, by the Brigade of Guards—Grenadiers, Scots, and Coldstreams. They were supplemented by detachments of Household Cavalry. The musical arrangements were under the direction of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey. The whole of the troops were in position at 9.45 a.m., under the command of Major-General Philip Smith, C.B. The State procession, headed by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, left Marlborough House at ten. As usual, admission within the lines was by tickets only, of which some seven thousand had been issued.

In the afternoon the Prince and Princess of Wales witnessed a novel demonstration arranged by the Metropolitan Fire Brigade, of which an illustration and some particulars are given in another part of this paper.

Birthday reviews and inspections of Volunteers were held in Hyde Park and Regent’s Park, and in Edinburgh and Dublin, as well as in the various provincial towns, the day was marked by loyal celebrations. The usual Ministerial and Parliamentary dinners in honour of the Queen were given in the evening, and a reception was held at the Foreign Office which was very largely attended. From abroad the telegraph has brought news of entertainments and fêtes in honour of the day.

THE STATE BALL.

By command of the Queen a State ball was given on May 27 at Buckingham Palace. The Prince and Princess of Wales, with Princesses Louise, Victoria, and Maud of Wales, and Prince Albert Victor and Prince George of Wales, accompanied by Prince George of Greece and Prince Charles of Denmark, escorted by a detachment of the Royal Horse Guards, arrived at the garden entrance of the palace from Marlborough House. The Duchess of Edinburgh arrived from Clarence House, and Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, with Princess Victoria, were present at the ball. Frederica Baroness von Pawel-Rammingen and Baron von Pawel-Rammingen were present. Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar, the Prince and Princess of Leiningen, and Princess Alberta of Leiningen, Prince and Princess Victor of Hohenlohe, Countess Feodora Gleichen, Countess Victoria Gleichen, and Count Edward Gleichen were invited.

Cooe and Tinney’s band was in attendance, conducted by Mr. Charles Coote, and performed an excellent and varied programme of music.

A large number of the Corps Diplomatique, nobility, and other persons of distinction were present.

The ball presented a scene of unusual brilliancy. Many beautiful dresses were worn, and the show of flowers, both real and artificial, was especially remarkable.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, with Princess Beatrice of Edinburgh, arrived at Windsor Castle on May 24. The Duchess of Albany left the castle for Claremont. Her Majesty’s dinner-party in the evening included the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh, Prince and Princess Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, Prince Henry of Battenberg, the Countess of Erbach-Schönberg, and the Marquis of Lorne.

The forty-third birthday of Princess Christian (Princess Helena of Great Britain and Ireland) was celebrated on the 25th with the usual honours. Viscount Cross, G.C.B. (Secretary of State for India), had an audience of her Majesty. Mr. Robert Lincoln also arrived, and presented his credentials as Minister from the United States of America.

On Sunday morning, the 26th, the Queen and Royal family and the members of the Royal household attended Divine service in the private chapel. The Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor officiated.

Her Majesty held a Council on the 28th.

Princess Beatrice has been reported by her physicians to be convalescent, and the infant Prince to be doing very well. Under these circumstances no further bulletin will be issued.

YACHT-RACES.

The Royal Thames Yacht Club, on Friday, May 24, exhibited three sailing-matches of considerable interest. The first race was open to yachts of any rig, belonging to any recognised club, and rated at over forty tons. The course was from the Lower Hope down the river, then round the Mouse Light-ship, and back to Gravesend. First prize, £70; second prize, £40; third prize, £30. The time allowance was on the usual scale. Only three vessels competed—namely, the Valkyrie, cutter, 78 tons, belonging to the Earl of Dunraven; the Yarana, cutter, 60 tons, owned by Mr. P. A. Ralli; and the Irex, cutter, 98 tons, belonging to Mr. J. Jameson. This was a very good race, all three yachts doing their best. It finished with the Valkyrie passing the winning-post seven minutes and a half before the Yarana, only just enough to win the prize by the time allowance; while the Irex came in a few seconds after the Yarana.

The second match was for yachts rated at between fifteen and forty tons; the course was from the Lower Hope to the West Oaze Buoy, and back to Gravesend. The competitors in this instance were again three cutters—the Vreda, 20 tons, owned by Mr. T. H. Hodgens; the Deerhound, 40 tons, Captain C. G. Nottage; and the Mohawk, 40 tons, Colonel Bagot. The two larger yachts had to allow the Vreda nineteen minutes and twenty seconds. The Vreda, coming in nearly a quarter of an hour after the Deerhound, therefore won the first prize of £25, while the Deerhound took the second prize; the Mohawk got aground in the run home.

The third match, over the same course, was open to all yachts of any rig or rating, with handicap allowances. Those which sailed were the cutters Maid Marion (owned by Mr. Kennersley), Foxhound (Mr. H. North), Decima (Mr. Arabin), and Diss (Mr. A. D. Clarke); the yawls Foxglove (Mr. W. B. Paget) and Vol-au-Vent (Mr. J. Clarke); and the schooner

Amphitrite (Colonel Macgregor). It was a close finish for the handicap, and the Decima, a ten-tonner, who made her débüt as a racer, was only beaten by four seconds by the Foxglove, which allowed her ten minutes; the Diss was third, and the Maid Marion fourth.

Our Illustrations of the sailing-matches of the Royal Thames Yacht Club are from photographs taken with the patent Eureka Detective Camera, by Messrs. W. W. Rouch and Co., Strand.

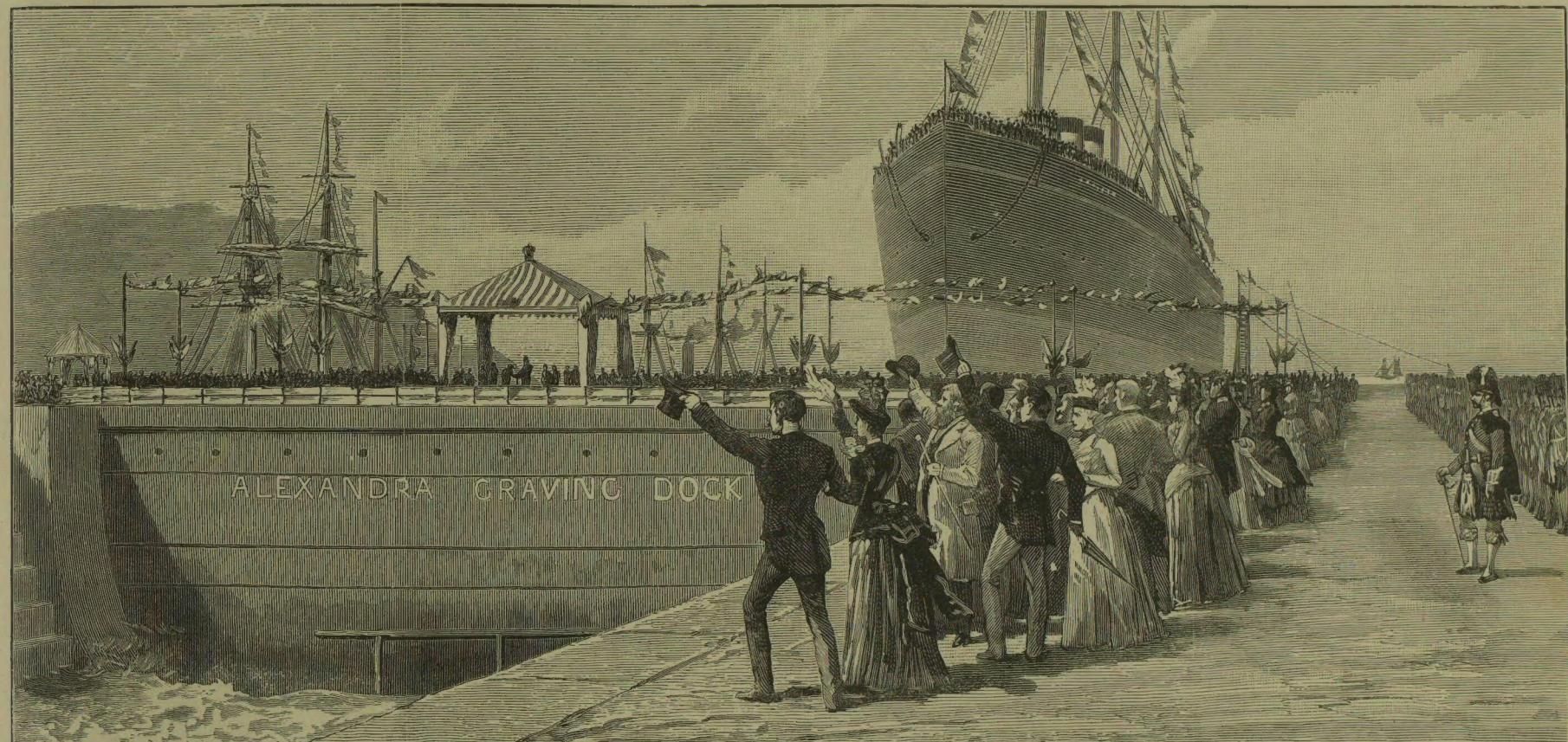
The Valkyrie, with which Lord Dunraven intends to try for the America Cup, sailed also the day before, in the match of the New Thames Yacht Club from Lower Hope, Gravesend, to the Mouse and back. Although the Valkyrie came in first she did not win a prize, the Deerhound, Vreda, and Yarana beating her on time allowance. The Deerhound, the winner, was designed by Mr. G. L. Watson, who also drew the lines of the Valkyrie.—The programme of the Royal London Yacht Club contained two races, on May 23, from Gravesend round the Mouse light-ship and back; but owing to the absence of wind the competing craft did not go further than the Nore, when they returned. In the first race the Irex, Valkyrie, and Yarana competed, and the Valkyrie won very easily, although it should be mentioned it was a drifting-match at the finish. The Mohawk, Vreda, Deerhound, Foxglove, and Foxhound took part in the second match, which proved an easy win for the Deerhound.

At the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland, held at Edinburgh on May 28, Dr. Marcus Dods was elected to the vacant professorship at New College, Edinburgh.

At the spring general meeting of the National Rifle Association, held at the Royal United Service Institution, on May 28, general satisfaction was expressed in respect to the acquisition of the Bisley Heath site for the shooting meetings.

PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR AT BELFAST.

On Tuesday, May 21, Prince Albert Victor of Wales visited the City of Belfast, and performed the ceremony of opening the new Alexandra Dock. His Royal Highness crossed the sea from Stranraer to Carrickfergus Roads, Belfast Lough, in the Royal yacht Osborne, and went up to Belfast in the yacht's steam-launch, accompanied by the Duke of Abercorn. The Prince was received, in the Dublin Shed on the Donegal Quay, by the Chairman of the Harbour Trust (Mr. James Musgrave), the Mayor of Belfast (Mr. C. C. Connor), Sir Edward Porter Cowan, Lord Lieutenant of the County of Antrim, and Mr. J. Blakiston Houston, Vice-Lieutenant of County Down. A guard of honour, of the Black Watch and the Scots Greys, lined the road to Corporation-square and to the Harbour Office. Having received an address from the Harbour Commissioners, the Prince drove to the Alexandra Dock. This dock having been filled with water, the White Star liner Teutonic, recently completed by the firm of Messrs. Harland and Wolff, was warped in, having the Prince and a party of invited guests on board. The Prince declared the dock open, and the ceremony concluded. Luncheon was served in a temporary building near the docks. The Prince made two speeches, one responding to the toast of his health, with that of the Royal family, the other proposing the health of the Harbour Commissioners. His Royal Highness, having viewed the Teutonic on the blocks in the dock (the water having been pumped out by the powerful engines), returned on board the Osborne. At eight o'clock he dined with the Gordon Highlanders at the Victoria Barracks, and was at a grand ball given by Mr. Musgrave in his honour at the Ulster Hall. Next day his Royal Highness had other engagements, receiving addresses from local public bodies, laying the foundation-stone of the new Albert Bridge, and presenting new colours to the Black Watch (2nd Battalion Royal Highlanders).



PRINCE ALBERT VICTOR OPENING THE NEW ALEXANDRA GRAVING-DOCK AT BELFAST.

THE SILENT MEMBER.

The last week in May opened with a portentously grave declaration by the Prime Minister in the House of Lords; and with a series of exceptionally effective speeches by Mr. Gladstone in the Commons. All who listened to the deliberate warning impressively uttered by the Marquis of Salisbury on the Twenty-seventh, in moving the second reading of the Naval Defence Bill, must have been impressed with the weightiness of his words when he said, alluding to the almost inevitable war the armed nations of the Continent are preparing for, "When the danger comes, it will come as a thief in the night. It will give you little time to prepare, and little time to ward it off." It was in face of this danger that Lord Salisbury called upon noble Lords to sanction the measure providing for the expenditure of twenty-one and a half millions on the Navy, which is in the course of the next few years to be strengthened by the addition of seventy new ships of war, the majority of them cruisers. With this addition, the Prime Minister stated that by 1894 we should have at our command a fleet equal to that of any two Great Powers that might combine against us. "I do not say," added his Lordship, "that I am preaching the immediate or probable existence of danger; but it is a risk which we are bound to guard against."

Why does not Earl Granville rouse himself and speak in the Upper House as distinctly and as energetically as Lord Salisbury does? The noble Earl invariably speaks with the voice of reason and uncommonly good common-sense; but his accents are generally so bland, and inaudible at a short distance from the front Opposition bench, as to seem half-hearted. Trenchantly uttered, say with the rhetorical effect of a Gladstone, Lord Granville's neat criticism of the Premier's alarmist address would at least have elicited the cheering approval of Liberal Peers. As it was, his Lordship's adroit remark that the Prime Minister raised a similar warning cry some few years ago, his à propos reference to the "bloated armaments" phrase of Lord Beaconsfield, and his objections to mortgaging the finances of a future Government fell comparatively flat, owing to the stereotyped tameness of his delivery. Platitudinous support having been offered to the Naval Defence Bill by the Earl of Northbrook as a former First Lord of the Admiralty, Lord Elphinstone, with a sailorlike candour and breeziness of manner befitting a former Captain in the Royal Navy, responded on behalf of the Ministry; and Lord Alcester and Lord Brassey were among the Peers who spoke approvingly of the Bill before it was read the second time.

H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge, it was noticed, evinced much interest in the naval debate. The Field Marshal Commanding-in-Chief, who betrayed not an atom of the irascibility he is alleged to have shown in the heat of the rush at the Horse

Guards on the occasion of the badly-organised Fire Brigade demonstration, attentively listened to the Marquis of Salisbury's speech from his usual seat on the cross-bench, and moved to the lounge in front of the woolsack to hearken unto the words of wisdom that fell from the lips of Earl Granville and Lord Northbrook.

Mr. Gladstone looked not a whit the worse for his luckless collision with a cab in Piccadilly when he sprang to his feet in the House of Commons, on the Twenty-seventh of May, to take an animated part in the discussion raised by the released member for North-east Cork on the Luggacurran evictions. Mr. William O'Brien, whose hollow cheeks and careworn appearance testified to the rigorous nature of his imprisonment, had, amid fervid Irish cheers, moved the adjournment in order to protest, with characteristic vehemence, against the then impending evictions; and Mr. T. W. Russell had replied that such evictions were the "inevitable result of the Plan of Campaign"—an opinion with which Mr. Balfour coincided. The Irish Secretary also took occasion to censure the animadversions passed on the Marquis of Lansdowne by Mr. O'Brien. It was after Mr. Healy and Mr. T. P. O'Connor had replied to Mr. Balfour from the Home Rule benches that Mr. Gladstone began his philippic against the imperturbable and cool Secretary for Ireland by an energetic protest against the suggested closure. Mr. Gladstone, hale, erect, and using abundant and vigorous action, was obviously in his best form, and delighted the Irish party by the earnestness with which he wielded the national shillalah and brought it down with a crash and bang worthy Donnybrook fair, rhetorically speaking, on the devoted heads of the Executive responsible for law and order. Supremely satisfied seemed the fair-bearded Irish leader, who sat next Mr. Sexton, whilst the veteran Liberal leader inveighed against the action of the Irish Executive. But Mr. Parnell yet deemed it judicious to join personally in the remonstrance initiated by Mr. O'Brien with so much feeling. It was but a detail that there was a majority of 46 against the motion for adjournment. Not without significance was it that on the following evening Lord Randolph Churchill was among the guests who met Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Parnell, and the Earl of Aberdeen at dinner at Sir Charles Russell's, in Harley-street.

The Ministerial measure extending County Councils to Scotland came on for second reading when Mr. O'Brien's motion had been disposed of. An instructive debate ensued. The Government, not slow to take advice from any quarter save the Gladstonian section of the front Opposition bench, may yet like to profit from Mr. Asher's seasonable counsel that the provisions of the Bill should be extended if it is intended to satisfy the people of Scotland. "A nicht wi' Burns," so to

speak, was followed by the committal of the London Coal Dues Abolition Bill to a Select Committee, on the motion of Sir Joseph Pease. The problem is—How to abandon these coal dues without increasing the heavy rates?

The stimulating and beneficial effect the salubrious air of Hendon has upon Mr. Gladstone whilst spending Saturday to Monday at Dollis Hill was exemplified afresh on the Twenty-eighth of May. The right hon. gentleman then, in cordially endorsing Mr. E. Robertson's protest against the withdrawal of Lord Lytton from the Paris Exhibition fêtes, delivered a most interesting historical discourse on the French Revolution, in the course of which he quoted Fox, Pitt, and other illustrious authorities. Mr. Gladstone brought down upon himself a smart retort of the *tu quoque* order from Mr. Goschen, to whom Mr. John Morley replied with severity. The proposed censure on the Government was negatived by a majority of 93. Nothing daunted, Mr. Gladstone briskly rose anew to join in Mr. Bryce's appeal to the Government to make an effort to stop the cruelties being perpetrated in Armenia. But the Government majority was in the division increased to 98. Quite justified, therefore, are Ministerialists in looking forward without fear to the full enjoyment of the Whitsuntide holidays, in which the Derby Day is included.

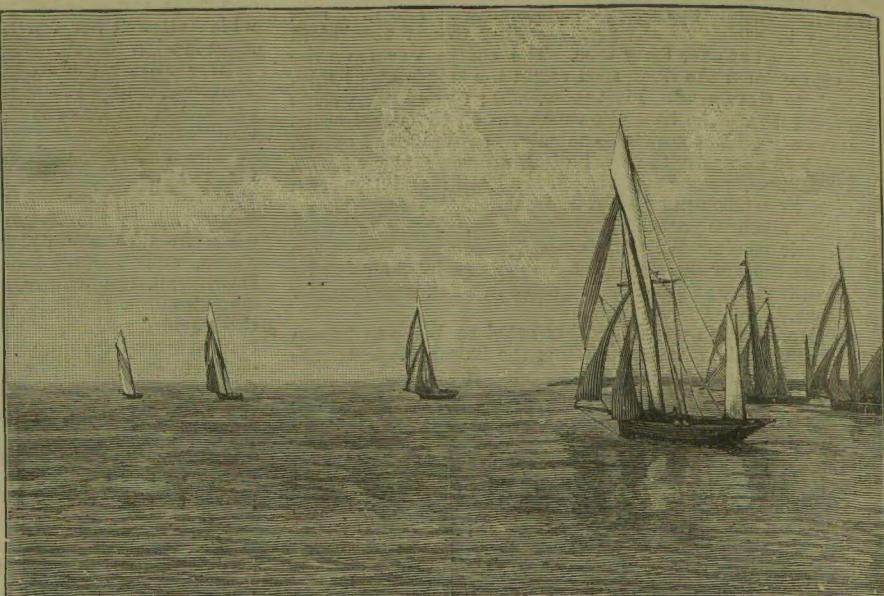
CAPTAIN MURRELL, OF THE MISSOURI.

On Friday, May 24, a meeting was held at the Mansion House to present testimonials to Captain Hamilton Murrell and the officers and crew of the Missouri for their gallant rescue of the crew and passengers of the Danmark. The Lord Mayor presided, and Sir H. Peek, Sir R. N. Fowler, M. De Falbe (Danish Minister), General New (Consul-General of the United States), and Mr. T. Sutherland, M.P., took part in the proceedings. The boys' bands of the Warspite, Arethusa, and other training-ships in the Thames played several lively airs.

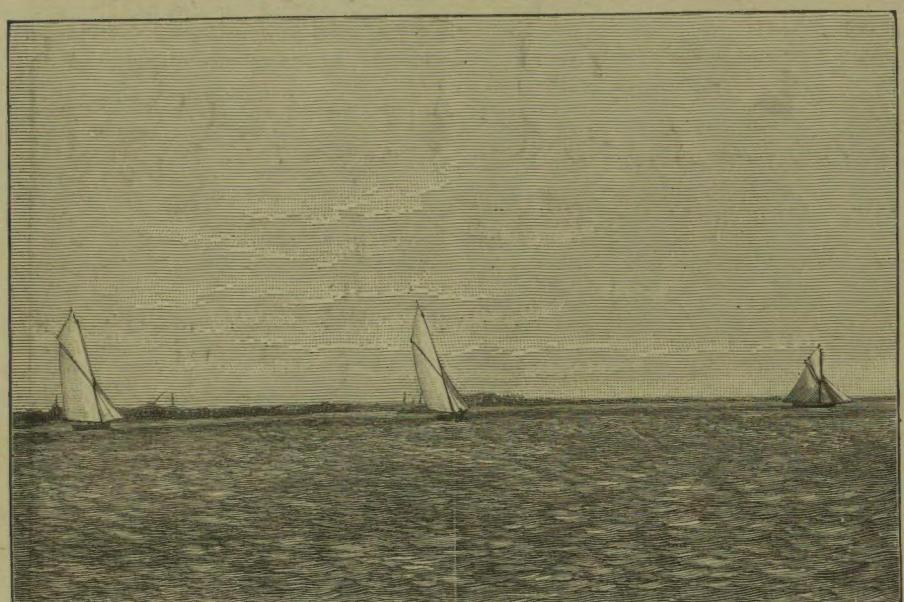
The Lord Mayor's Fund Committee had decided that each member of the crew should receive two months' pay; that each officer and the steward should receive a gold watch and two months' pay; and that Captain Murrell should receive a silver salver, with a suitable inscription, and a cheque for the balance of the fund, which it was hoped would amount to £500. There were also testimonials from Lloyd's and the Shipmasters' Society (London) and from the Bourse at Copenhagen, and approving letters from the English Board of Trade and the Chancellor of the German Empire. Captain Murrell was entertained by the London Freemasons; banquets and presents awaited him at Colchester, his native town, at Cardiff, and at Swansea; and on his return to America he is to be summoned to Washington, to be presented to the President of the United States.



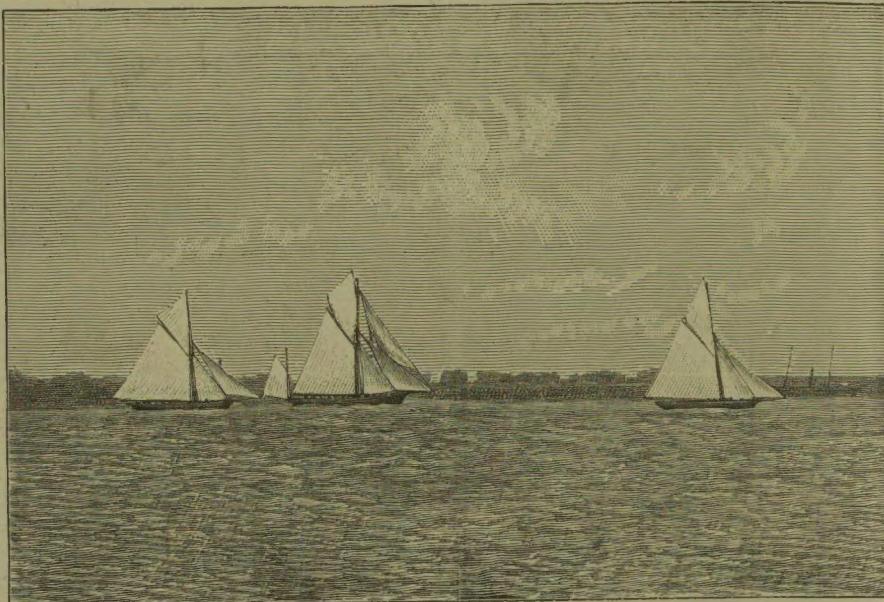
ON BOARD THE CLUB STEAMER.



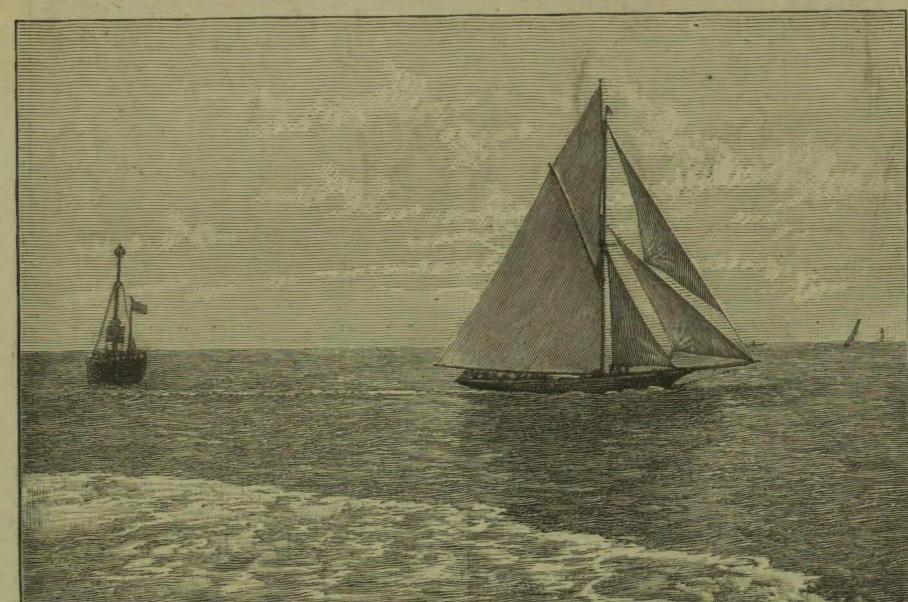
MAID MARION.



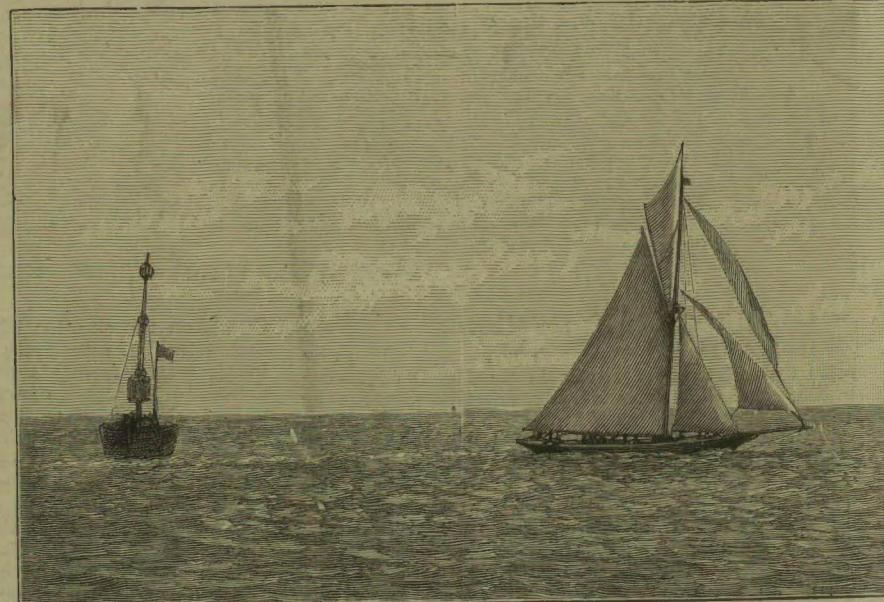
FIRST MATCH: BEATING DOWN THE RIVER, YARANA 1ST, VALKYRIE 2ND, IREX 3RD.



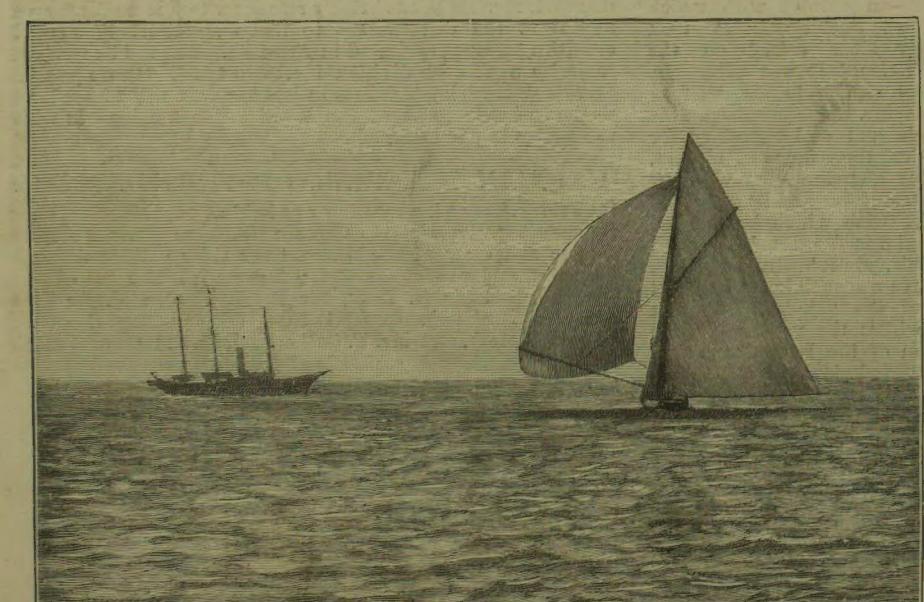
SECOND MATCH: VREDA 1ST, VOL-AU-VENT 2ND, DEERHOUND 3RD, BEATING DOWN.



VALKYRIE (1ST) ROUNDING THE MOUSE LIGHT-SHIP.



YARANA (2ND) ROUNDING THE MOUSE LIGHT-SHIP.



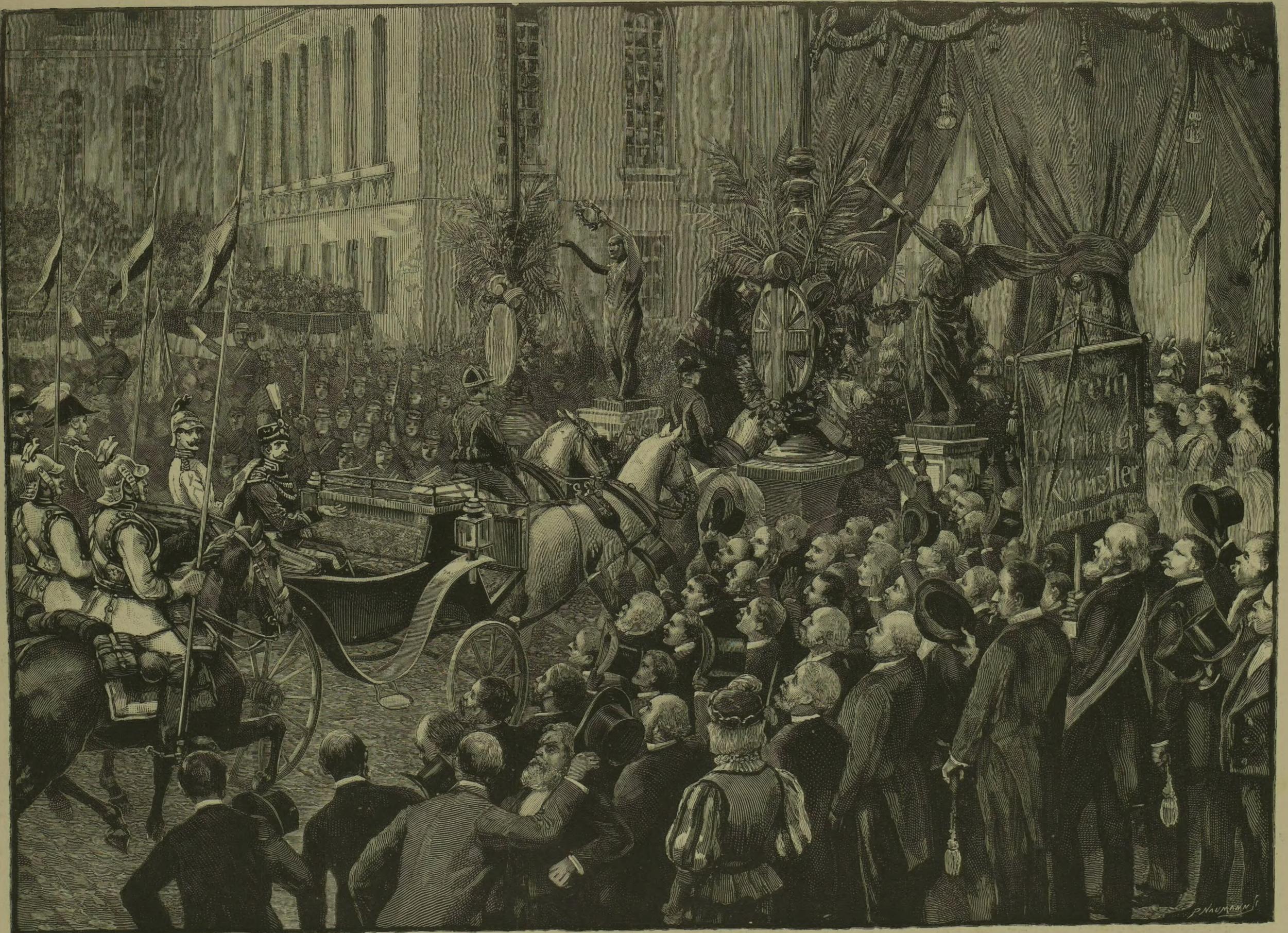
VALKYRIE SETTING HER SPINNAKER FOR THE RUN HOME.



VALKYRIE (1ST) PASSES THE WINNING POST AT GRAVESEND.

SAILING MATCHES OF THE ROYAL THAMES YACHT CLUB, MAY 24,

FROM PHOTOGRAPHS TAKEN BY MESSRS. W. & W. ROUGH AND CO., WITH THEIR PATENT EUREKA DETECTIVE CAMERA.



ENTRY OF THE KING OF ITALY INTO BERLIN: PROCESSION PASSING THE GERMAN ARTISTS' VEREIN, UNTER DEN LINDEN.

THE KING OF ITALY AT BERLIN.

The visit of King Humbert of Italy to the German Emperor William II. at the Prussian capital is regarded as an event of political importance. His Majesty on three former occasions, in 1867, in 1872, and in 1875, visited Berlin as Crown Prince of Italy, and has received at Rome the visits of the present Emperor and his father, to whom he formed a strong personal attachment.

Travelling by railway through the St. Gotthard Tunnel and Switzerland, and through Baden, dining at Freiburg with the Hereditary Grand Duke of Baden and Prince William at the palace, the King arrived at Berlin on Tuesday, May 21, at half-past ten in the forenoon. He was accompanied by his son, the Prince of Naples, and by Signor Crispini, Prime Minister of Italy. At the Anhalt Railway Station, Berlin, his Majesty was met by the Emperor, with two of his sons, his brother, Prince Henry of Prussia, Prince Bismarck, Count Moltke, and several of the Royal Princes, with Generals and State officials. The Emperor wore the white uniform of the Guards, with the Italian Order of the Annunziata, while the King wore the uniform of his Hesse-Cassel regiment, with the German Order of the Black Eagle. A civic address of welcome was presented by Herr Von Forckenbeck, the Burgomaster of Berlin.

The Emperor William and King Humbert took their seats together in a State carriage, which was followed by other carriages in procession, escorted by Life Guards, from the railway station into the city by the Brandenburg Gate, and by the avenue Unter den Linden, to the Schloss or Imperial Palace, a distance of a mile and a half. The road all the way had been laid with sand, and adorned with evergreens and flowers. All the public buildings and private mansions were decorated with flags, costly carpets, emblazoned shields, ornamental devices and mottoes, wreaths and crowns of foliage. In the Potsdamer Platz was erected a colossal statue of Berolina, in mail armour, with a mural crown, her hand throwing flowers on the path; from the Brandenburg Gate hung a huge banner of cloth of gold, emblazoned with the Prussian eagle, and bordered with Italian shields. Rows of Venetian masts, with flags and garlands, and classical columns, surmounted by trophies, stood at the open spaces. In front of the group of statuary which commemorates the German War of Liberation in 1813, were the figures of Germany and Italy, the one embracing the other. At the Opera-house, the carriage in which the two monarchs sat halted before a gorgeous pavilion of cream-colour and gold, where stood a large company of ladies and gentlemen, representing the literary and artistic classes of Berlin, attired in various quaint and antique costumes of the Middle Ages. Fifty trumpets sounded a loud prelude to Handel's ode, "See, the conquering hero comes!" sung by a chorus of 500 voices, under the direction of Professo. Joachim. A lady, clad like an ancient Roman matron, stepped forward and recited a set of Italian verses, addressed to the King of Italy, saluting him as the august son of the "Rè Galantuomo," Victor Emmanuel, and as a high-minded guardian of the peace of Europe. Their Majesties, who were, all along the route, hailed by tens of thousands of people with the heartiest cheering, went on across the bridge and the esplanade to the Schloss, where the Empress awaited her Royal guest.

A review of the garrisons of Berlin and Spandau was held next morning on the Tempelhof parade-ground, in honour of the King of Italy, who afterwards inspected Löwe's manufactory of rifles and revolvers. He was entertained by the Emperor at a grand military banquet, and went to the Opera in the evening. On Thursday, the 23rd, their Majesties were at Potsdam, and visited the tomb of the late Emperor Frederick; they returned by the steam-yacht on the lakes and river to Charlottenburg. Great military manoeuvres, and a State concert in the Palace at Berlin, were performed before the King's departure, at the end of the week.

CITY CASKET FOR LORD DUFFERIN.

The Corporation of the City of London have conferred on his Excellency the Marquis of Dufferin, late Viceroy of India, formerly Governor-General of Canada, Ambassador to Russia and Turkey, and now Ambassador in Italy, the honorary freedom of the City. This was presented to his Lordship at Guildhall, on May 29; the certificate of freedom was enclosed in a gold casket, designed and manufactured by Messrs. George Edward and Sons, of No. 1, Poultry, which is a fine work of the goldsmith's art. It weighs nearly twenty ounces of eighteen-carat gold, and is hall-marked; the casket, of hexagonal shape, rests on a base of ivory, with a plinth of crimson velvet. Its style is Indian, each of the six corners being supported by pillars of Indian character. In the centre of the front panel are the arms of Lord Dufferin, with the decoration of the Star of India at one side, and those of the Order of the Indian Empire at the other, emblazoned in the proper heraldic colours. Above are the arms of Great Britain, supported by the Union Jack and Royal Standard. The end panels visible in front display, to the left, the Order of the Bath (Knight Grand Cross), and the Order of St. Patrick to the right; on the back panels are the Order of St. Michael and St. George, and Lord Dufferin's family motto, enamelled in colours with an inscription in the centre. The top of the casket has the form of an Indian temple or pagoda, and it is surmounted by the arms of the City of London, enamelled likewise in proper heraldic colours.

THE LATE MR. W. R. BEVERLEY.

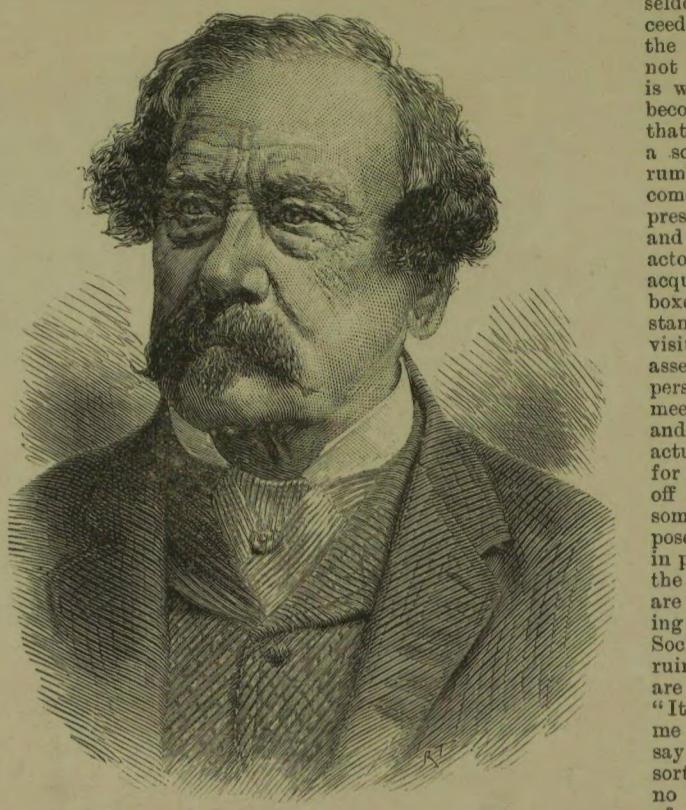
The death of Mr. William Roxby Beverley, an artist of considerable talent, especially renowned as a scene-painter for the great London theatres, but whose pictures in water-colours have also gained high esteem, was announced in our last issue. He was born at Richmond in 1824; his father, whose original name was Roxby, had served as a midshipman in the Navy, under Lord Nelson, in the great French wars, but had become an actor, and assumed the name of Beverley. The son was a born artist, with an inherited interest in the stage; and, having become a painter, was engaged, both at Covent-Garden and at Drury-Lane, in designing and executing grand works of scenic effect. His views of fairy-land and enchanted transformation scenes, in the Christmas and Easter pieces were greatly admired. Of late years, he has worked almost exclusively for the Drury-Lane Theatre.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Messrs. Elliott and Fry.

On the reassembling of the Parnell Commission, on May 28, Mr. Reid produced the Land League books previously referred to. The witnesses called during the day included a reporter, several priests, and a Protestant clergyman from the county of Cork, who gave evidence as to the National League's denunciations of crime and outrage. Mr. Maurice Healy, M.P., who testified to the complaint of the Irish people respecting jury-packing, was under cross-examination when the Court adjourned. It was arranged that the Court should adjourn from Friday, May 31, till June 18 for the Whitsun holidays.

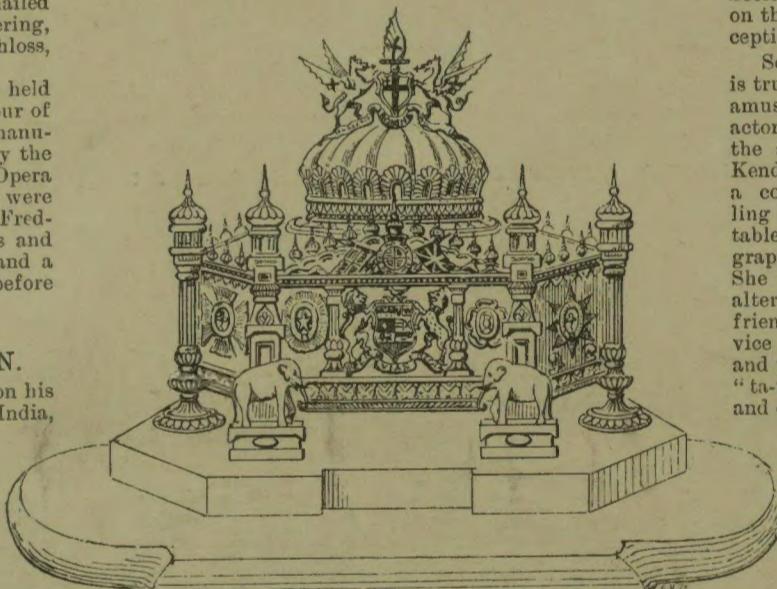
THE LATE EARL OF MALMESBURY.

Our last week's Obituary announced the death of the third Earl of Malmesbury, the Right Hon. James Howard Harris, who was Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs in the late Lord Derby's Ministry of 1852, and held the same office in the



THE LATE EARL OF MALMESBURY.

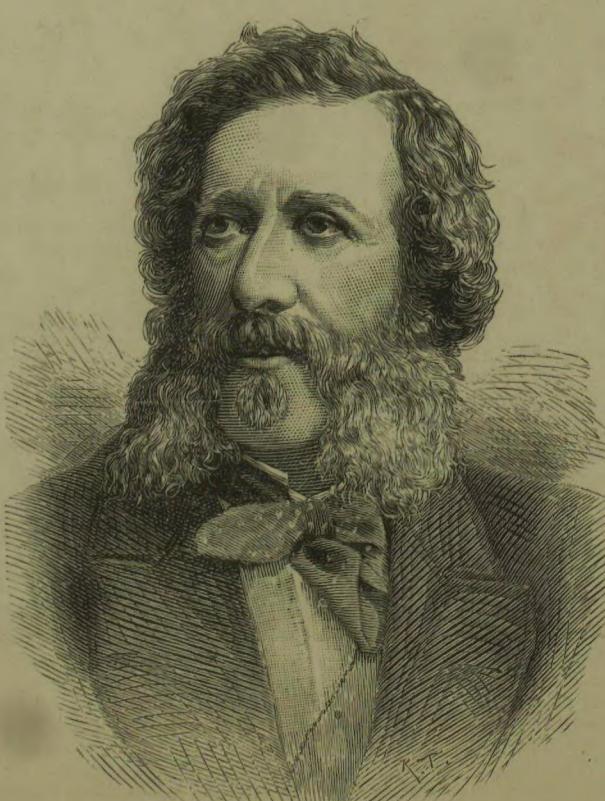
second Derby Ministry, from February, 1858, to June, 1859. His grandfather, the first Lord Malmesbury, was Ambassador in Spain, Russia, and Holland, in the reign of George III., and the second Earl was Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office. The late Earl also held the office of Lord Privy Seal in Mr. Disraeli's Government from 1874 to 1876, and was, for a time, leader of the Conservative party in the House of Lords. He was editor of the diary, memoirs, and correspondence of his



GOLD CASKET PRESENTED TO THE MARQUIS OF DUFFERIN BY THE CITY OF LONDON.

grandfather, and author of an autobiography, "Memoirs of an Ex-Minister," containing many interesting anecdotes of his own personal and political experience.

The Portrait is from a photograph by Elliott and Fry.



THE LATE MR. W. R. BEVERLEY.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

To judge from the criticisms one overhears in the playhouse to-day, it does not appear to concern the audience very much whether the play be good, or bad, from any known or recognised standpoint of art. Except at a few—a very few—theatres, artistic, or even ordinarily intelligent, audiences are seldom seen. Fashion, frivolity, and superficiality have succeeded brains, culture, and common-sense. People who go to the play do not think; they indulge in small-talk. They do not possess the gift of analysis or the power of reason. If it is whispered about society that a favourite actress wears a becoming costume, or a popular actor has a new sort of coat, that Miss This or Mrs. That have dyed their hair red, or that a scene has been furnished in a peculiar fashion, these rumours will attract more people to the play than the finest comedy ever penned, or the best acted scene that was ever presented. Personality is the great factor in modern society, and the most fashionable theatre is the one where the actors and actresses are on dining, visiting, or nodding acquaintance with half the people in the stalls and boxes. Take a first night at the Court Theatre for instance when Mr. and Mrs. Kendal are playing. Poll the visitors, and it will be found that nine-tenths of those assembled, outside the pit and gallery, have an intimate and personal acquaintance with the actor and actress. They all meet at countless houses when the business of playing is over, and it really does not matter to anyone there whether the actual play is bad, good, or indifferent. Mrs. Kendal is bound, for the sake of Society, to be as like herself on the stage as off it. She must never enact another woman, but is bound by some social law to repeat herself. Some sort of stigma is supposed to attach itself to her if she even pretends to err in play, or to be another kind of woman on the other side of the footlights; and so the farce goes on, and professional people are weak enough to pretend that art is satisfied by the repeating of themselves to death in their assumed characters. When Society took up the stage it gradually undermined, if it did not ruin, serious Art. The most conscientious and admirable artists are those who shun drawing-room and boudoir tittle-tattle. "It would never do," says Mrs. Fashionable Actress, "for me to appear in that character. What would Society say? Why, they would believe that I was exactly that sort of woman, and Belgrave-square would know me no more?" "What would my fashionable friends think of me," urges Mr. Society Actor, "if I were to undertake the character of a murderer, a forger, or a rake? Why, they would turn their backs on me at once!" When dramatic art cast off the cloak of its Bohemianism it lost much of its nature. When actors and actresses—the Kembles, the Macreadys, the Farrens, the Keeleys, the Mathews—lived in Bloomsbury or Brompton and mixed among themselves or their literary friends what much better plays were shown to the public! Then they lived for their art; now they cling on to the skirts and the tail of Society, and it is imperative that Mrs. Kendal shall play Mrs. Kendal, that Mr. Kendal shall not offend his Society friends, and that Mr. Wyndham shall leave off going on the spree in French farce, for fear of offending the susceptibilities of Lady Snig-Smag and her charming daughters!

So what does it matter, after all, whether "A White Lie" is true to human nature or not? It is sufficiently smart and amusing, and it pleases the friends of a deservedly popular actor and actress to see them in characters that offend the scruples and susceptibilities of no human being. Mrs. Kendal looks well and talks well. She is as amusing as a companion on the stage as off it. She is as sparkling on the other side of the footlights as she is at a dinner-table or at an "at home" in the season. But her art no longer grapples with any of the graver problems of human nature. She chaffs her stage husband, and laughs and cries; she is alternately cynical and hysterical; she lectures her stage friends on the duties of wives towards their husbands, and vice versa; she kisses her stage babies, and nurses their dollys and prattles their baby talk with them, and asks them to say "ta-ta" prettily, and packs them up in their perambulators, and cries when "dada" goes away, and weeps copiously when

"popsy" comes home; but, thanks to Society, the brilliant art of Mrs. Kendal is not so vigorous or convincing as it once was. The very atmosphere in which it exists has enfeebled it. Our finest artist has to cramp her style and depress her energy in order to compress herself into the limits of a drawing-room drama; and the genius who was such a Susan as the stage has never seen, and might be an Imogen or a Constance beyond compare, is wasting her time and frittering away her opportunities as the same woman, with the same sentiments, in the same scene and in the same kind of society, with a new dress for each act by Kate Reilly or Russell and Allen!

Why, then, should those who have known the stage in other days worry about the inconsistencies and unreason of these modern plays that please simply because they introduce old friends? Mrs. Kendal assures us that virtuous, hard-headed, practical, common-sense English wives and mothers without a reproach or stain on their characters, who have never been known to flirt or compromise their honour, suddenly own up to disgraceful intrigues, in order to shield women they cannot save, and to blind men they cannot convince! Mr. Kendal insists that honourable and upright married men lend a hand in hurrying their wives to destruction, and pretend to sleep when the women they adore are being kissed before their very eyes! Mr. Arthur Dacre would have us believe that the lovers of married women do not take the most ordinary precautions, dictated by the commonest chivalry, before they flirt with married women under the roofs of their husbands! We all know, and so does the author, and so do the artists, that such things could never possibly occur in real life. It is no use arguing these points. There they are, and they are either accepted as true because good artists blind us to the study of their folly, or, according to the jargon of Society, "it really doesn't matter, doesn't matter, doesn't matter!" Plays are not now-a-days taken as serious essays in art. They introduce old favourites and new dresses; and Mr. Sidney Grundy is, no doubt, quite right, from his point of view, to swim with the stream, and to fit the favourites in his old clever way. But do not let us call them good plays any more than the acting they display acting of the first class.

This being the prevailing taste of fashion and society, it was not so very surprising that there should be less desire to see Coquelin and Jane Hading in Augier's literary masterpiece, "L'Aventurière," than in the gay and rollicking "Les Surprises du Divorce" or the modern "Frou-Frou." The French Play season at the Gaiety, managed this year by Mr. Abbey and Mr. Maurice Grau, of New York, promises exceedingly well. Neither Coquelin nor Jane Hading have been spoiled by their visit to America, and they have been acting admirably throughout the week. Coquelin's drunken scene as Don Annibal in "L'Aventurière," and his "surprise" at the resurrection of his wife and mother-in-law in the modern farce, and Jane Hading's incomparable acting in the "sister scene" in "Frou-Frou," have made amends for the fribble elsewhere.

THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE.

A review of the London Fire Brigade was held on Saturday, May 25, on the Horse Guard's Parade, by the Prince and Princess of Wales; and awards were presented by her Royal Highness to members of the brigade who had specially distinguished themselves in long service and in effecting rescues from fires.

The Queen's Westminster Rifles, under command of Colonel Howard Vincent, M.P., the Chairman of the Fire Brigade Committee of the London County Council, were appointed to keep the ground. But the numbers of the regiment were too small to perform this duty; and, in the absence of a sufficient force of police, there was much crowding and disorder. When the band of the Westminster Rifles struck up the National Anthem, and the Prince and Princess of Wales, with the young Princes and Princesses, were seen in the south-eastern part of the parade, the people pressed there, cheering and shouting lustily, and the carriages were quickly surrounded. Captain Shaw, the Commander of the Fire Brigade, managed, after much difficulty, to reach the Royal carriage, and placed a fireman at each door. Miss Shaw, who was to present a bouquet to the Princess, was then brought through the crowd by the Volunteer firemen. Various members of the brigade received the honour of decoration; but the crush became so great that Captain Shaw himself was carried away, and could not remain beside the Royal carriage. Some mounted police, however, soon cleared a passage to the gates of the Horse Guards; the Prince and Princesses, alighting from their carriage, then entered that building, and presently showed themselves at the windows of the levée-room.

The reappearance of their Royal Highnesses there was greeted with hearty cheering; and the parade of the fire-engines was then proceeded with, all going past at a gentle trot. The review was actually confined to the A Division, the engines and men of the west of London, under Super-

intendent Palmer; the B Division, head-quarters at Clerkenwell, under Superintendent Hutchins; the C Division, head-quarters in Whitechapel, under Superintendent Campbell; the D Division, head-quarters at Kennington, under Superintendent Port; and a detachment from the head-quarters in Southwark, under Mr. Chalkley. The ground was too crowded to allow of all the engines and firemen that were mustered being shown at once; for the assemblage of them really extended across from Storey's-gate to near Carlton House-terrace, and there were reserves to come up from the Thames Embankment and Victoria-street. The arrangements, in short, were not successful; but the appearance of the Fire Brigade was generally admired; and, in spite of the accidental confusion, there was plenty of popular enthusiasm for the Royal family.

Miss Kate Greenaway has been elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Colours.

A snake two feet long has been discovered and killed in the garden of a house in East Surrey-grove, Peckham.

The committee of the Royal Humane Society have announced the award of medals and testimonials in an unusually large number of cases of saving life from drowning. Three silver medals have been awarded, one of these going to Private W.J. Moore, of the 20th Hussars, for the rescue of Mrs. Campbell (wife of the Quartermaster of the regiment) and a man named Reynolds, who were in a boat which capsized on the river Yare on May 9. The second silver medal is given to James Craig, a wharf foreman, for saving a boy at Ouseburn Creek, Newcastle-on-Tyne, on May 5. The third silver medal has been given to Mr. George Lemmi, engineer, for swimming out with a line to a wreck at Viareggio (Italy), and saving an Italian shipmaster and boy, after the rest of the crew had been rescued. Nineteen bronze medals have been awarded.

THE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL.

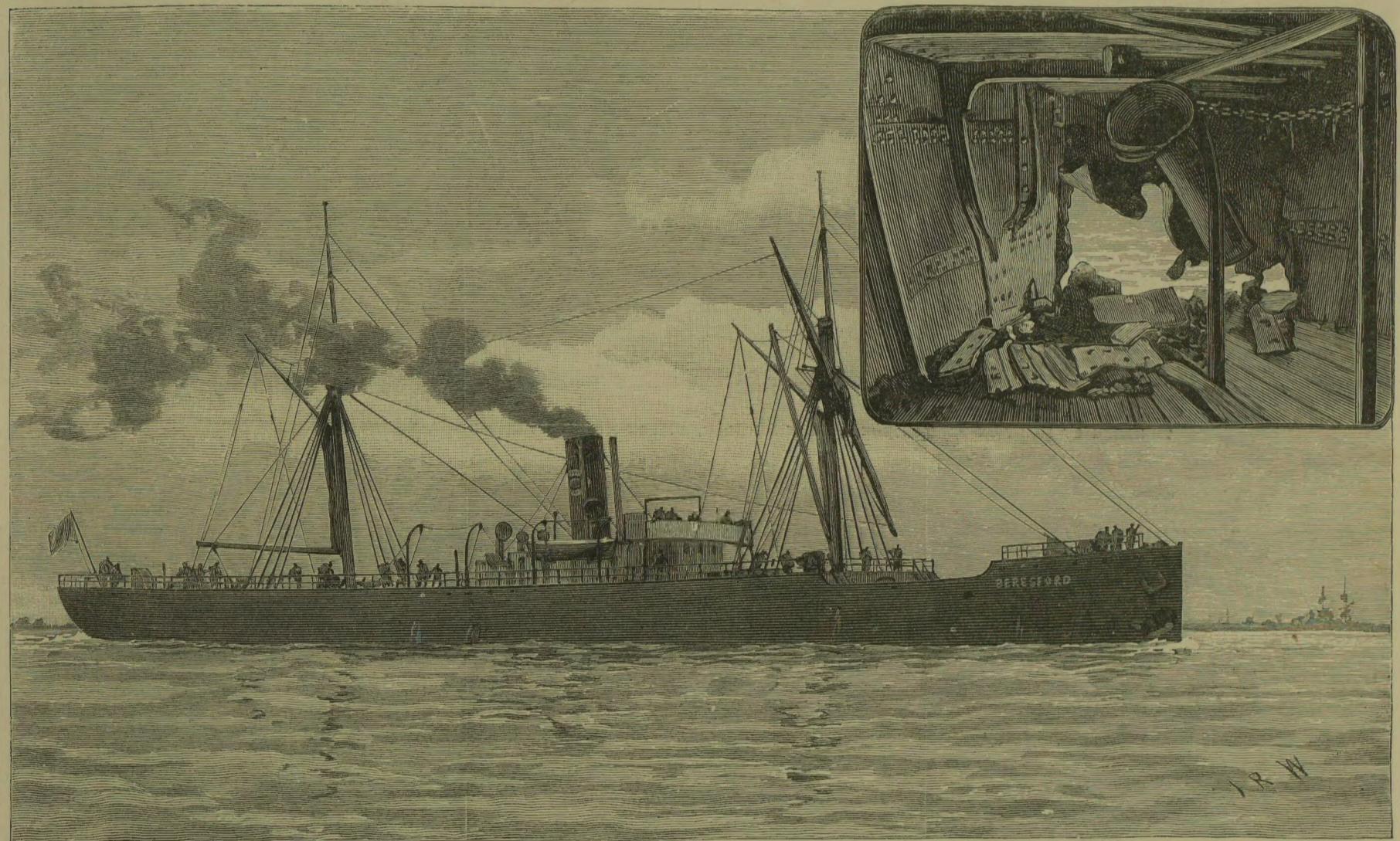
Last week this Journal recorded the disaster off the Goodwin Sands early in the morning of May 21, when the steam-ship German Emperor, in a thick fog, coming up the Channel, struck another steamer, the Beresford, then lying at anchor, and sank immediately, having torn a hole in her own bows and ripped open part of her side. Ten of the crew of the German Emperor got on board the Beresford, and three others were picked up by her boats; all the remainder were drowned. The Beresford, also damaged, made her way to Gravesend, where she appeared in the condition shown by our Artist's Sketch, and she has gone into Tilbury Docks for repairs. Her boats were relieved by the Plymouth schooner Florence, and the men in them, having been transferred to a steamer, were landed at Dover. The Beresford (Captain Vickers) is a steel ship, of 2158 tons register, bound with a general cargo to Bombay; and the German Emperor was an iron vessel of 909 tons, bound with a general cargo from Bilbao to Bo'ness, Scotland. The master, second mate, and chief engineer of the German Emperor are among those saved. Much credit seems due to Captain Vickers, and to Mr. F. Hughes, second officer of the Beresford, who went in one of the boats, for their efforts to save life.

The Al Frasco Fête and Floral Fayre, the fancy fair of the season, was opened on May 29, in the Royal Albert Hall.

The anniversary dinner of the Newspaper Press Fund is announced to be held on Saturday, June 1, at the Hôtel Métropole, the Chancellor of the Exchequer in the chair.

Dr. R.C. Jebb, Professor of Greek at Glasgow, and late Public Orator at Cambridge, has been elected Regius Professor of Greek at Cambridge University, in place of the late Rev. Dr. Kennedy.

FORE-PEAK, SHOWING DAMAGE.



THE LATE COLLISION IN THE CHANNEL: THE BERESFORD.

FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Chamber of Deputies concluded on May 27 the debate on the Budget for next year, which was carried by 337 to 198 votes.

The President of the Republic was present, on May 25, at the inauguration of the Argentine Republic's pavilion at the Exhibition. M. Carnot was received by M. Pellegrini, Vice-President of that Republic; and by M. Lesica, President of the Argentine Exhibition Organisation Committee. Military honours were rendered to M. Carnot by a company of Argentine soldiers, whose uniform is exactly similar to the uniform of the French Army in 1867.

A ball for the benefit of the British Charitable Fund, under the patronage of Lord and Lady Lytton, has been held at the Continental Hotel. The Embassy Staff and the leading English residents received the guests, and there was a very distinguished gathering, including nearly all the Diplomatic Corps.

The sixty-eight Congresses to be held in the Exhibition buildings will commence on June 15 with the Congress on fire-escapes and life-boats, and end on Oct. 7 with the Congress on harbours, &c.

The Chantilly Spring Meeting began on May 26 under most favourable circumstances, the weather being fine and the number of spectators very large. The principal event of the day's racing was the Prix de Diane—the French Oaks—which resulted, after an exciting race, in the victory of Baron de Rothschild's filly Crinière, Baron De Schickler's Regia being second.

A dog-show has been held in the gardens of the Tuilleries, 1106 dogs being exhibited, some very fine animals.

Jean Perrin, the man who fired a blank cartridge at M. Carnot while the President was on his way to the Versailles centenary, was tried on May 28. He denied that he had aimed at M. Carnot, insisting that he meant to fire just in front of the carriage. The Court acquitted him of homicidal intentions, and, allowing him the benefit of extenuating circumstances, sentenced him to four months' imprisonment.

The King and Queen of Portugal and the Royal family have returned to Lisbon from Evora, meeting with an enthusiastic reception on their arrival.

The visit of the German Emperor to England has been officially fixed to be paid after July 15. Count Herbert Bismarck will accompany the Emperor.

On May 28 the Imperial Court removed for the summer to Schloss Friedrichskron, near Potsdam, which since the death of the Emperor Frederick last June has undergone a thorough renovation and a readaptation to modern requirements.

King Humbert's visit to the German Emperor in Berlin was thoroughly successful. On May 22 there was a review of the Guards, and the new military drill was shown for the first time on a large scale. The chief event of the 23rd was the early parade, at Potsdam, of the garrison before the Emperor, King Humbert, and the Prince of Naples. The Empress, with the two eldest Princes, witnessed the parade, which took place in the park of the castle, from the castle balcony. King Humbert afterwards laid a wreath on the tomb of the Emperor Frederick. In the evening, the King of Italy dined with the Italian Ambassador. On the 24th his Majesty was treated to a sham-fight on the Tempelhof Common. After this, the Emperor and his Royal guests lunched with the mess of the 2nd Foot-Guards, and afterwards King Humbert visited some of the more interesting sights of Berlin, including the Arsenal and its fine collection of war-relics and battle-pictures. The festivities included a demonstration by the students of the University, a banquet given by Prince Albert of Brunswick, and a State concert at the palace. King Humbert's visit was brought to a close on the 25th. His Majesty passed through Frankfort on his way to Monza, and had a short interview with the Empress Frederick, who had arrived from Homburg.

The Reichstag passed on May 24 the third and final reading of the Old Age and Infirmity Assurance Bill, and was then prorogued by Herr Von Bötticher, the Secretary of State, who conveyed to the Deputies the sincere thanks of the Emperor for their patriotic labours in the past Session.

The Empress of Austria, accompanied by her daughter, Archduchess Valerie, and Archduke Francis Salvator, arrived at Vienna from Wiesbaden on the morning of May 23.

The Prince Regent of Bavaria arrived in Vienna on the 27th, and was met at the station by the Emperor.

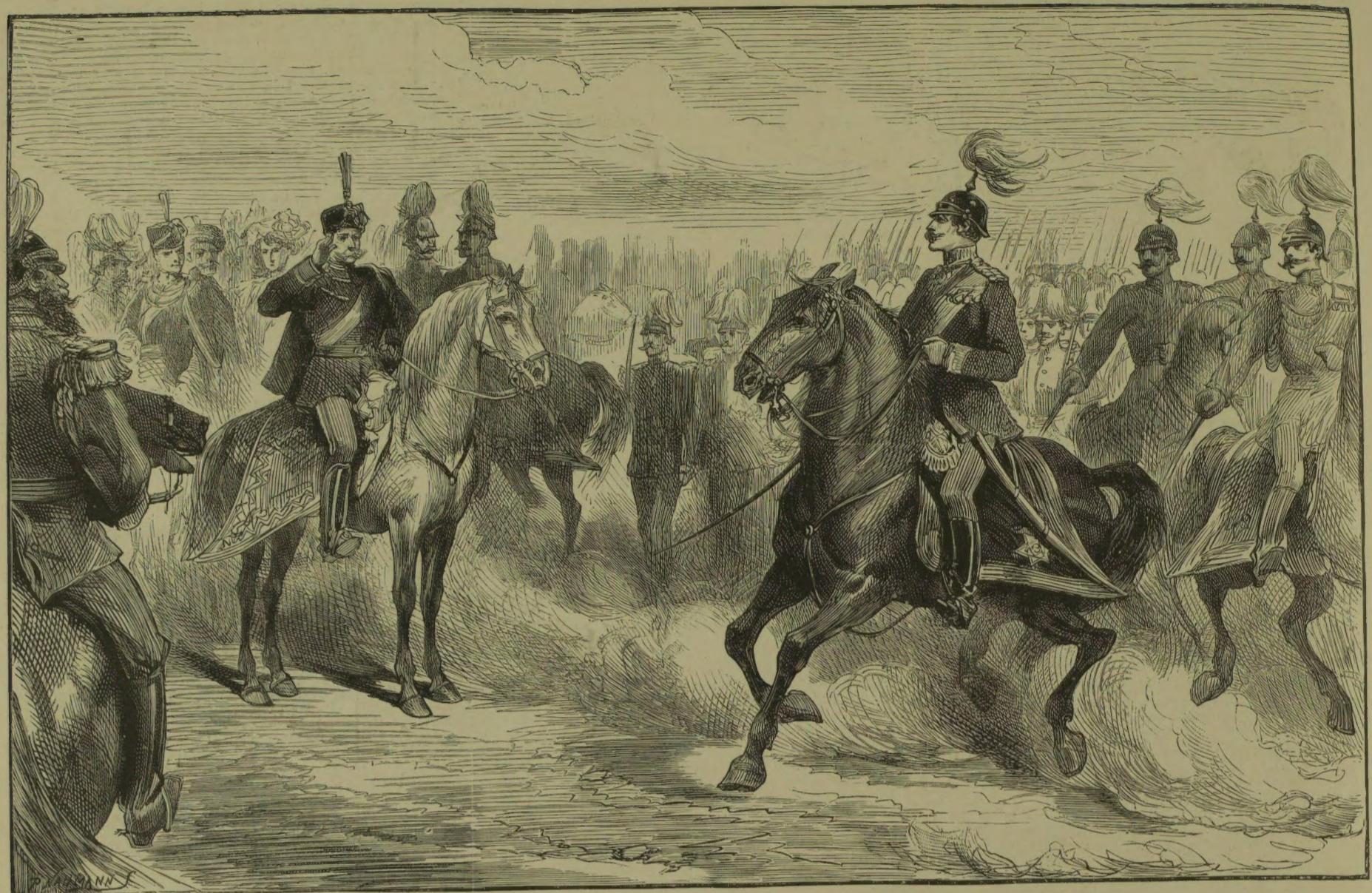
At the meeting of the Danish Royal Geographical Society on May 25, Dr. Nansen delivered a lecture upon the inland ice of Greenland. The result of the expedition from a scientific point of view has not been so great as it would have been if the route followed had been, as was originally intended, further north. But the great achievement is, that the Greenland inland ice has, for the first time, been crossed from edge to edge. Dr. Nansen's opinion is that snow-shoes, sledges with masts and sails, and reindeer would be of great use to future expeditions.

The Shah of Persia arrived in St. Petersburg on May 23, and was received by the Czar, the Czarewitch, and other Grand Dukes. The Czar drove with his Royal guest to the palace. On the 26th the Shah left St. Petersburg.

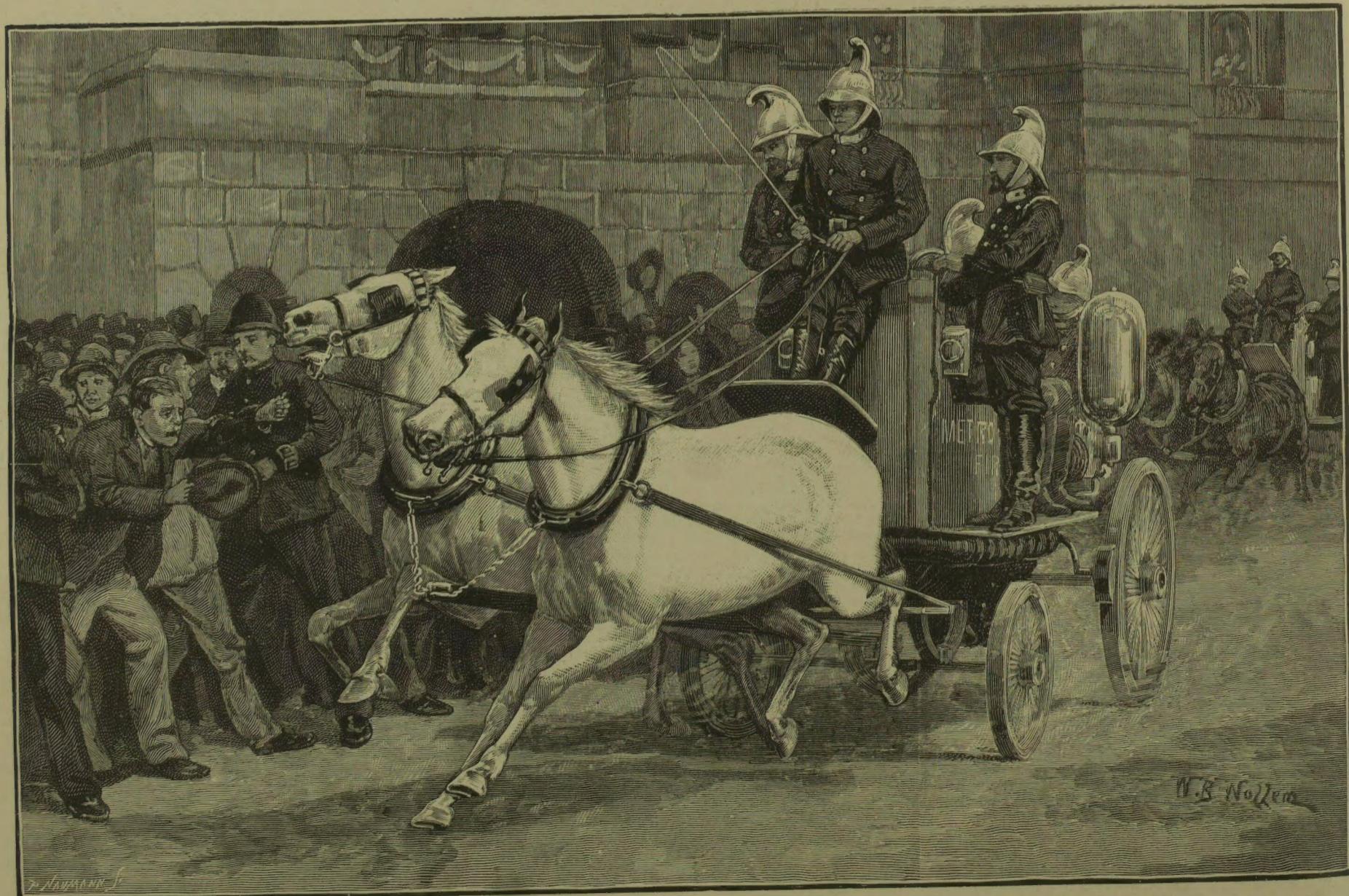
The International Chess Tournament in New York came to an end on May 28, when Herr Weiss, of Vienna, and M. Tschigorin, of Russia, after playing four drawn games, divided the first and second prizes.

A piece of land, containing fourteen acres two-roods, in the parishes of Lambeth and Camberwell, known as "Myatt's Fields," which has recently been laid out as an open space, has been conveyed by the owners to the London County Council as a free gift to the public.

Thirteen steamers arrived at Liverpool in the week ending May 25 with live stock and fresh meat from American and Canadian ports, the total arrivals being 3830 cattle, 800 sheep, and 14,563 qrs. of beef. As compared with the arrivals of the previous week, these show a decrease of 589 cattle and 1139 sheep, but an increase of 1491 qrs. of beef.



THE KING OF ITALY IN BERLIN: THE GERMAN EMPEROR, AT THE HEAD OF THE GUARDS, RIDING PAST THE KING.



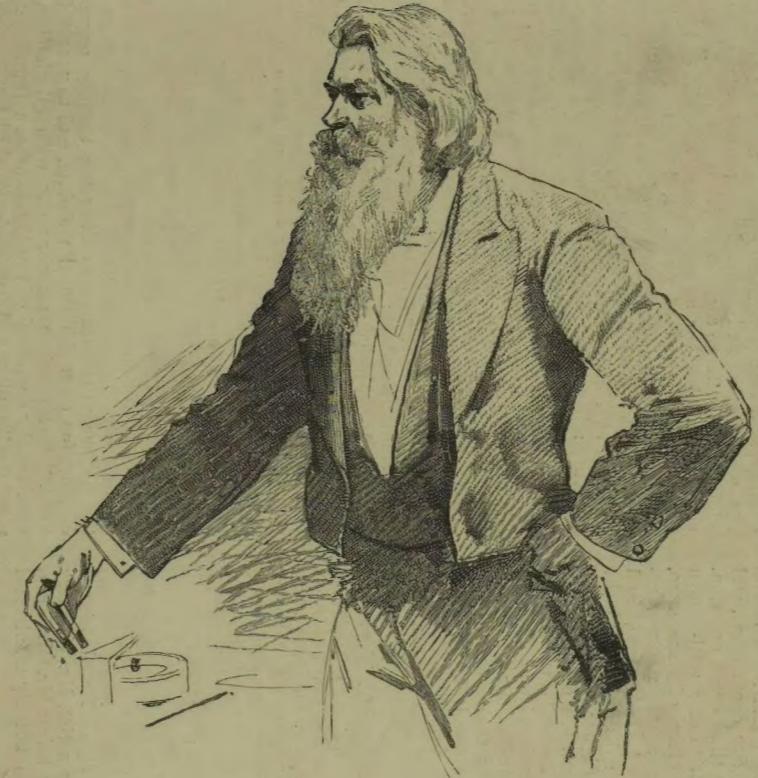
PARADE OF THE LONDON FIRE BRIGADE BEFORE THE PRINCE OF WALES.



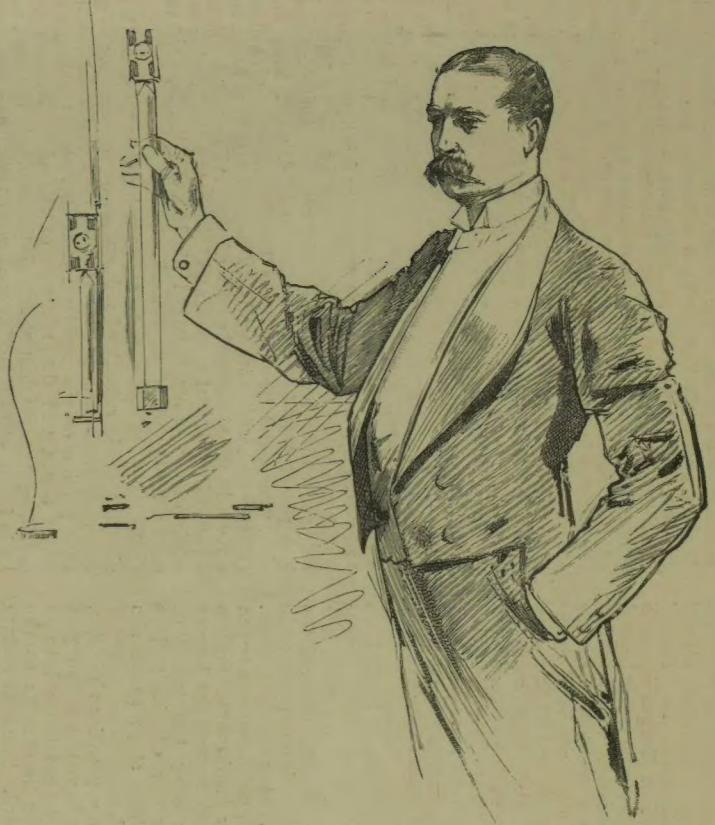
PROFESSOR H. MARSHALL WARD:
Parasitic Fungi on Timber.



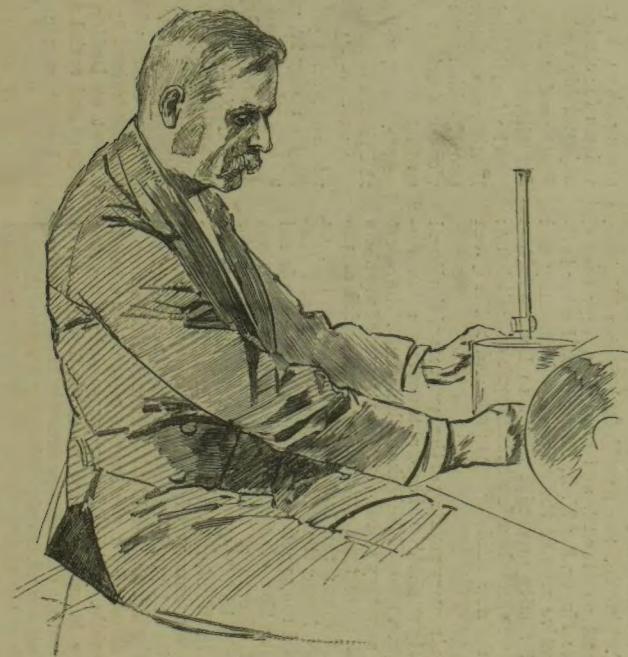
MR. A. W. CLAYDEN:
Model of Currents of Atlantic Ocean.



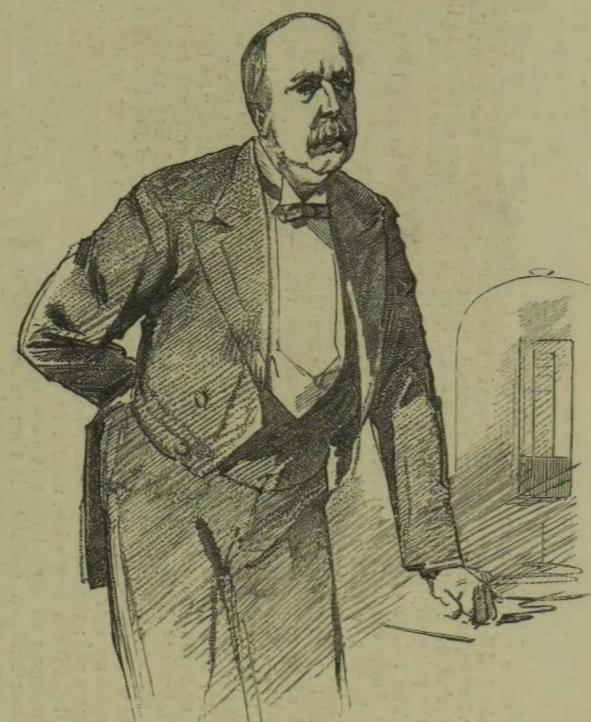
MR. J. WILSON SWAN:
Gramme Ring, Rotating under Influence of Magnetism of the Earth.



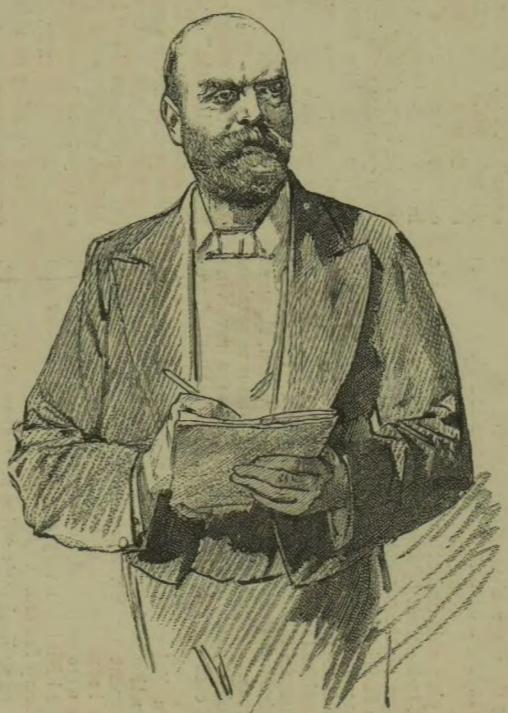
CAPTAIN H. CAPEL HOLDEN, R.A.:
Hydrometer and Chronograph to Measure Velocity of Projectiles.



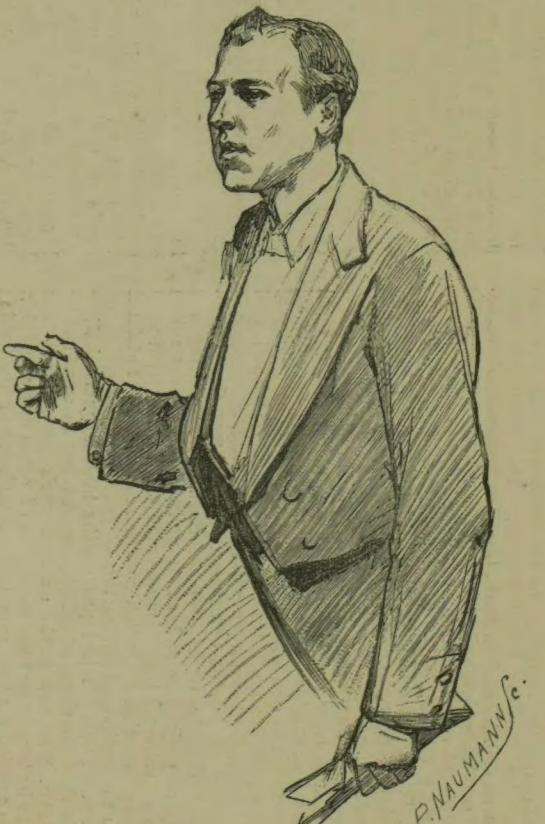
MR. C. V. BOYS:
Portable Cavendish Apparatus to Show the Attraction of Gravitation.



MR. JAMES PITKIN:
Fire-Damp Meter.



MR. SHELFORD BIDWELL:
Experiment on Effect of Light in Magnetising Iron.



MR. ERIC STUART BRUCE:
Optical Apparatus Projecting Figures of Crookes's Radiometer, &c.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY CONVERSAZIONE.

We give further illustrations of the different scientific novelties and curiosities exhibited, on the evening of May 8, at the Conversazione of the Royal Society. The President, now Sir George Gabriel Stokes, Bart., Lucasian Professor of Mathematics at Cambridge and M.P. for that University, is to be congratulated on the honour which the Queen has recently conferred upon him.

Mr. C. V. Boys, F.R.S., showed an ingenious portable Cavendish apparatus for demonstrating the attraction of gravitation. Instead of a beam six feet long carrying heavy weights, used by Cavendish, Mr. Boys's beam consists of a piece of lead only one centimetre long, inclosed in a round tube of metal, outside which the attracting weights are placed. This reduction in size has been rendered possible by the use of three microscopically fine quartz threads, the production of which by Mr. Boys is a triumph of manipulation.

Another instrument of extreme delicacy was the chronograph of Captain Capel Holden, R.A., for measuring the velocity of projectiles and small periods of time. Captain Holden also showed his hydrometer for use in connection with secondary batteries, for which greater sensitiveness is claimed than in the ordinary hydrometer.

Mr. A. W. Clayden had put on the table a square shallow tank, in the blue water of which, mapped out in wood cut by a fret-saw, was the world on Mercator's projection. The lesson to be taught was the formation of ocean currents. Mr. Clayden applied his foot to a bellows underneath the table; soft streams of air puffed through certain cunningly arranged tubes; the trade winds and the anti-trades moved the waters, a miniature Gulf Stream was in motion, and the mystery of the currents of the ocean was plainly exhibited.

Mr. J. Wilson Swan's gramme ring, rotating solely under the influence of the magnetism of the earth, demonstrates how rapidly our knowledge of this sphere of Nature's action is advancing.

Sections of pine, oak, and other woods were shown by Mr. Marshall Ward, indicating, by the diseased timber, the characteristic symptoms of the respective injuries caused by various special parasite fungi.

Mr. Eric Bruce's optical apparatus for projecting the effects of Crookes's "radiometer," in action, on a screen, at scientific lectures, was manifestly a highly useful aid to the instruction of large audiences. His "electro-graphoscope," illustrating the optical illusions produced by persistence of vision, through which a transparent picture or photograph—minute portions of the image being cast in rapid succession on a revolving plane—appears cast on the air, seemingly in bold relief, was much admired.

Mr. Brereton Baker's experiments showing the curious results of combustion in dried oxygen were beautiful, as was also the experiment by Mr. Shelford Bedwell showing an effect of light in magnetising iron. Inventions of great practical utility were exhibited, among which are to be noticed Messrs. Pitkin and Niblett's very useful fire-damp meter and pocket electric lamp for mines.

Professor Norman Lockyer's series of maps and diagrams, exhibiting the varied results of the celestial spectroscopic researches with which his name is intimately associated, were full of interest to students of astronomy; and so were Mr. Isaac Roberts's fine photographs of nebulae and star maps taken by a 27-in. reflector telescope. One photograph of a portion of the heavens showed 16,206 stars.

SOME SECRETS OF THE WINE TRADE.

The United States Vice-Consul at Cadiz, in a report on the adulteration of sherry, recently published, describes some of the arts employed in preparing low-priced sherries for the market. In these operations, an important part is played by sweet or "checked" wines, which are made in this manner. During the vintage, and after the grape is pressed, twenty-five gallons of alcohol, of about 66 per cent over proof, are put in a butt, and the rest completely filled with the must or juice of the grape. The spirits stop the fermentation of the wine, which then becomes perfectly sweet. This can be got ready for shipment within twelve months or less; but it is only used as an auxiliary in the preparation of other wines. In general, the low-priced sherries are blended or composed of four or more different ingredients, viz.:—Alcohol, sweet wine, coloured wine, cheap new wines of different kinds, and sometimes a few gallons of older wines to help the whole to an older appearance. Fine sherries, on the contrary, are kept in their natural state, very pale and dry, for six or seven years and sometimes longer, and these wines, which, from their first growth, are costly, become still more so by the length of time required. Another way of forcing wines is by the use of "soleras" and "mother-wines." The soleras are a number of butts of old wines, more or less good, but always old; these are generally half full, the other half being filled with a new wine, which, in the course of a very short time, gets so forced that it becomes an old wine under that treatment. A quantity is then taken from each butt to be made use of in the preparation of wines, and that quantity taken off is again replaced with new wine, to let it grow again in the same manner.

Mr. Edgar B. Skeet gave a dramatic recital on Saturday afternoon, May 25, at Steinway Hall.

Mr. Robert T. Lincoln, the new United States Minister, landed at Liverpool on May 22, and received a very cordial welcome from the Mayor, Sir W. B. Forwood, and other leading and representative men of the city. His Excellency and Mrs. Lincoln and family proceeded direct to London. Next day, Mr. Lincoln was introduced to the Marquis of Salisbury; and on the 25th, the new Minister was presented to the Queen by Lord Cross.

The fiftieth anniversary meeting of the members of the Royal Agricultural Society was held on May 22 at the offices in Hanover-square, under the presidency of the Duke of Richmond. The report submitted by the secretary stated that the number of members (10,866) was 1533 more than at any previous period of the society's history. Since the last anniversary meeting, on May 22, 1888, no fewer than nineteen governors and 2425 members had joined the society. The Queen had been pleased to express her intention of giving gold medals for the best animals exhibited of each of the fifteen breeds of cattle for which prizes would be offered by the society at the forthcoming meeting in Windsor Great Park, in addition to the gold medals already announced in the last report. Her Majesty had manifested much interest in the progress of the preparations for the meeting, and had announced her intention of honouring the show with a visit on one of the days when it was open to the public. Sir E. Birkbeck expressed a hope that pressure would be brought to bear upon the Government to prevent the importation of pleuro-pneumonia from Germany; and the Duke of Richmond, in acknowledging a vote of thanks, reviewed the work of the society during its existence, pointing out that a great deal had been done for the agricultural labourer.

MUSIC.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

Recent proceedings at this establishment—following the opening performance, already noticed—have included several popular operas given with very strong casts. In "Faust" Miss Macintyre sustained the character of Marguerite with much grace and refinement, and with a dramatic power beyond that of her previous performances; Madame Scalchi having repeated a well-known fine performance as Siebel. In the title-character, M. Montariol displayed a tenor voice of agreeable quality, and some dramatic capabilities; Signor Castellmary was a satisfactory Mefistofele; and M. Winogradoff (who was a member of the Russian Opera Company in their last year's London performances) sang the music of Valentino with artistic style, and acted (especially in the duel-scene) with very impressive effect. Splendour of stage surroundings and an augmented chorus were special features of the performance. Signor Mancinelli again conducted.

"Carmen" included the appearance of Madame Marie Roze in a character in which, for several seasons, on innumerable occasions, she has obtained special success. Again her Carmen displayed high dramatic power in its representation of the wilfulness and levity of the heartless Spanish coquette; the music of the part having been rendered with good effect. Miss Macintyre, as Michaela, again displayed an advance upon her performances of last season; Signor A. D'Andrade made a highly favourable impression on his first appearance here as Don José, and Signor F. D'Andrade sang the music of Escamillo well, and looked the character of the gallant Toreador, with picturesque effect. The stage accessories were splendid. Signor Arditto conducted.

In "La Traviata," Miss Ella Russell appeared as Violetta, and repeated a highly meritorious performance as on past occasions. M. Talazac made his second appearance here as Alfredo, and Signor F. D'Andrade was impressive as the elder Germont. Mr. Randegger conducted. The next feature calling for record was Verdi's "Aida," in which Madame Valda, in the title-character, displayed vocal and histrionic merits that had previously been recognised on our opera stage, and were even more admirably manifested on this recent occasion. Madame Scalchi's Amneris was a repetition of a well-known excellent performance, and the characters of Amonasro, Radames, and Ramphis found effective representatives, respectively, in Signori F. D'Andrade, A. D'Andrade, and Abramoff. Stage splendour was again displayed, and the performance was skilfully conducted by Signor Mancinelli.

The current week opened with a repetition of Bizet's "I Pescatori di Perle" ("Les Pêcheurs de Perles"), with which the season began on May 18, as duly recorded by us. Of the subsequent performance of Boito's "Mefistofele" and of following proceedings, we must speak hereafter; among them being the appearance in "La Traviata," on June 1, of Madame Albani, whose recent engagement by Mr. Augustus Harris is an important addition to his already very strong company.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

The opening of this establishment—under Mr. Mapleson's management—was postponed to June 1, "Il Barbiere di Siviglia" having been promised, with the first appearance in England of Madame Gargano as Rosina. Mr. Mapleson's prospectus of his new season gives a list of engagements, including the names of a few artists who had previously been favourably known here; and of many more whose names have hitherto been unheard here. Among the former are Mdles. Dotti, Tremelli, De Lussand, Mesdames Sinico and Trebelli; Signori Frapolli, Galassi, Caracciolo, and Padilla. The orchestra will be led by Mr. Willy Hess, and the chorus (brought over expressly from the leading opera houses of Italy) is under the direction of Signor Giusti. The office of conductor is divided between that experienced director Signor Bevignani and Signor Bimboni. Mr. Telbin is named as scenic artist, Mr. W. Parry as stage-manager, the business manager being Mr. McLaren, whose efficiency in this capacity has been notably manifested in former seasons.

The fifth Philharmonic Concert of the season occurred too late for comment until now. The chief feature was the first performance of a new symphony by Dr. Parry, who conducted it. The work consists of four movements, three of which are eminently English in style of melody and phrasing, being also clear and masterly in treatment. The slow movement, while expressive and sentimental, is less distinctively national in tone than the other divisions, these being so thoroughly English as to entitle the symphony to that appellation rather than the epithet of "little" bestowed on it by the composer. The concert referred to included M. Ysaye's brilliant execution of Mendelssohn's violin concerto, Mdle. Janotta's artistic rendering of Beethoven's fourth pianoforte concerto, and vocal pieces finely sung by Herr Carl Mayer. Mr. Cusins conducted.

Sir Charles Hallé's third concert of chamber music at St. James's Hall included the performance by himself and Madame Néruda (Lady Hallé) of Brahms's new sonata for pianoforte and violin, which was first given in England on May 7 at Miss F. Davis's concert, rendered by herself and Herr Straus. Sir C. Hallé's programme, at his recent concert, also included his performance of a small piece, an "Album-Sonata" by Wagner, an early work of little intrinsic value.

The third of Señor Sarasate's concerts at St. James's Hall (on May 25) included his own highly-skilled violin performances in pieces belonging to the class of chamber music; among them having been Weber's Duo, Op. 48, originally written for clarinet and piano; the former instrument being unjustifiably replaced by the violin.

Those distinguished pianists, M. De Pachmann and Mdle. Janotta, have given each a recital at St. James's Hall.

The fourth Richter Concert of the present series included Beethoven's Pastoral Symphony and extracts from Wagner, two of which were repeated from the programme of the previous concert, in consequence of their enthusiastic reception on that occasion.

Mr. W. H. Brereton, the excellent vocalist, gave a concert at Prince's Hall on May 27.

The young lady who sang with such success, under the name of Nikita, some months ago, gave a concert at St. James's Hall on May 29, when her programme announced the names of several eminent artists in addition to her own.

The Bristol Orpheus Glee Society (consisting of upwards of eighty male voices) has given a concert at St. James's Hall, a selection of English glees and part-songs having been included in the programme. The society, conducted by Mr. G. Riseley, has earned great celebrity in its own locality.

Mrs. Charles Yates (Mrs. Dutton Cook), one of the best pianists trained by the Royal Academy of Music, announced a concert at Dudley House for June 1, with a programme of strong and varied attractions.

Recent announcements of miscellaneous concerts have included those of Mdle. De Lido, Miss H. Townshend, Miss Ganz, and Mr. G. Thorp (vocalists), Miss F. Smith and Mdle. Douste (pianists), Miss W. Robinson (violinist), Miss Alice Roselli, Mr. Lawrence Kellie, and Mr. Harold Savery.

NEWARK CASTLE PUBLIC GARDEN.

At Newark-on-Trent, in Nottinghamshire, on May 24, the birthday of the Queen, were opened, with much local rejoicing, the new public pleasure-grounds adjoining that ancient and famous castle, associated in times past with the fortunes of members of the Royal house. Built originally by Bishop Alexander, the stalwart prelate who was appointed to the See of Lincoln in 1123, it has been one of the most powerful strongholds in the Midland counties. Around its grey walls, where now the townspeople sit to enjoy the pleasant breezes that blow across the valley of the Trent, the tumult of battles has often raged, and many a brave warrior has been laid low.

Newark Castle sustained its first siege in the lifetime of its builder; for when the Bishop of Lincoln, and his more powerful brother of Salisbury, had been seized by Stephen, that King's troops were sent to secure this formidable place. The Governor bravely refused to leave his post, and it was not until the Bishop had assured his faithful vassal that the King had vowed "not to let him have meat or drink until the place was in his hands," that the castle surrendered. In 1215 it was held for a while by the Barons under Gilbert De Gaunt, but it had reverted to loyal ownership in 1216, when King John, sick, weary, and troubled, was hospitably received, and carefully tended within its walls. Tradition says that he occupied a room in the north-east angle of the castle—and it was here, committing his soul to God, and his body to the keeping of St. Wulstan, that John breathed his last on Oct. 18, 1216, three days after his arrival at Newark.

In the earlier part of the thirteenth century, the Castle was almost entirely rebuilt, of red sandstone externally, and grey lias within. Of this period are the whole western façade, and that portion of the northern side between the north-west angle tower, and the remnant of the older Norman work adjoining the gatehouse, except the south-west tower, and a little fragment of the older work near to it. At a later period, apparently in the reign of Henry V. or Henry VI., a large oriel window, still remaining, was erected towards the north end of the west front, and must have proved a very enjoyable addition to the large room in which it was placed. The castle, while in its splendour as a residence, was visited by Cardinal Wolsey in 1530; and on April 21, 1603, by James I., on his way to London to take possession of the English throne.

When the Civil War broke out, and Charles I. raised his standard at Nottingham, Newark Castle was garrisoned for the King; it was one of the first to be held resolutely in his favour; and it was almost the last to yield. Queen Henrietta passed through with a body of troops on June 27, 1643. In March, 1644, the castle sustained a vigorous siege by the Parliamentarian troops under Sir John Meldrum, and was gallantly relieved by Prince Rupert after a fierce struggle, which is vividly portrayed in contemporary verse written perhaps by Sir William Davenant. In 1645 the castle was again besieged, and was relieved by Sir Marmaduke Langdale; and hither, after the fatal field of Naseby, the shattered remnants of Royalist troops repaired to seek the shelter of Newark walls. The King himself came in October, and was at the castle several days, holding a Council of War, to hear from Princes Rupert and Maurice an account of the loss of Bristol. After the King had withdrawn, the town was closely invested; but, though enduring great privations, the garrison doggedly refused to give in. The Scotch army lay in the fields of Kelham, almost under the castle walls; and when the King rode to Southwell and surrendered, he was a captive in front of the stronghold which was holding out bravely in his behalf. From the Scotch camp Charles directed a note to Lord Bellasis, the Governor, requesting him to come to terms with the enemy; and this he decided to do, though the Mayor and townsmen, as Thoroton testifies, urged him to disobey for once the Royal mandate, and to "trust God and sally." The garrison marched out with all the honours of war, and, by command of the Parliament, a number of workmen with pick and spade demolished the castle, leaving only the ruined walls, which still remain as a relic of its past greatness.

In modern times the castle grounds have been used partly as a private lawn, maintained by subscription; but by far the largest portion was devoted to the purposes of a cattle-market, the pig-pens being close to the ruins. A few years ago, Viscountess Ossington, widow of a late Speaker of the House of Commons, erected a splendid coffee-palace on the opposite side of the Great North-road, overlooking the castle ground. This was followed, shortly afterwards, by the gift to the town of a handsome free library, by Sir William Gilstrap, built on a portion of the market, and endowed by the donor with the remaining portion, and income arising from it.

Meanwhile, a feeling arose in favour of removing the market, and acquiring the grounds for public purposes. Lady Ossington contributed £1200 to make up for the loss of income which the library would sustain, and Mr. J. G. Branston liberally headed a successful movement for making a new cattle market over the river. The old subscribers gave up their shares, and the town thus becoming the possessor of the whole of the grounds, Mr. Henry Branston opened with £500 a subscription towards beautifying them. The place is now laid out as a public garden, which gives to the principal entrance to Newark, famous in these days for its malt and beer, a very picturesque appearance. The cost of the work has been £2554, and the grounds have been tastefully laid out by Mr. Milner.

The opening ceremony took place on Friday, May 24. At noon, Mr. H. Branston handed the key to the Mayor on behalf of the contributors. In the afternoon his worship (Alderman Hole) entertained a large number of guests at a luncheon at the Town-hall, including some of the nobility and gentry of Nottinghamshire.

Our Illustrations are from photographs taken by Mr. J. M. McLeod. The town of Newark, besides its more ancient historical associations, has some additional interest from Lord Byron's connection with it, and from having given to Mr. Gladstone his first seat in Parliament.

The action brought by Mr. Parnell against Mr. Walter, one of the proprietors of the *Times*, and Mr. Wright, the publisher, for libel, in which the damages are put at £100,000, has been entered in the list for trial as a special jury cause. It is not likely to come on for hearing before the Long Vacation.

The annual meeting of the Irish Home Industries Association was held in the Leinster Hall, Molesworth-street, on May 24, the Marchioness of Londonderry presiding. The adoption of the report was moved by the Countess of Aberdeen, who was very warmly received. They had often heard, she said, that the Irish Exhibition at Olympia was a very great failure, but the Market-place, which was managed by the ladies, was a very great success. After payment of all their expenses there was a net profit of £3000, over and above which the Ladies' Committee had paid to Irish workers more than £1000. The success of the sale held at Bradford of Irish goods was so great as to lead her to suggest that sales of Irish goods should be held from time to time in various English provincial centres. The report was unanimously adopted.

SIR WILLIAM GILSTRAP.

VIEW OF NEWARK, FROM THE GREAT NORTH ROAD.

MR. H. BRANSTON, J.P.

ALDERMAN HOLE,
MAYOR OF NEWARK.

GILSTRAP FREE LIBRARY.

NEWARK CASTLE PUBLIC GARDENS AND GILSTRAP FREE LIBRARY.

CLEOPATRA:

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE FALL AND VENGEANCE OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN, AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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CHAPTER XXVII.

OF THE MEETING OF CHARMION WITH THE LEARNED OLYMPUS; OF HER SPEECH WITH HIM; OF THE COMING OF OLYMPUS INTO THE PRESENCE OF CLEOPATRA; AND OF THE COMMANDS OF CLEOPATRA.



LAD in my plain dark robe, I sat in the guest-chamber of the house that had been made ready for me. In a carven, lion-footed chair I sat, and looked upon the swinging lamps of scented oil, the pictured tapestries, the rich Syrian rugs—and, amidst all this luxury, bethought me of the tomb of the Harpers that is at Tâpé, and of the nine long years of dark loneliness and preparation. I sat; and crouched upon a rug, nigh to the door, lay the aged Atoua. White was her hair as snow, and shrivelled with age the wrinkled countenance of the woman who, when all deserted me, had yet clung to me, in her great love forgetting my great sins. Nine years! nine

long years! and now, once again, I set my foot in Alexandria! Once again in the appointed circle of things I came forth from the solitude of preparation to be a fate to Cleopatra; and this second time I came not forth to fail. And yet how changed the circumstance! I was out of the story: my part now was but the part of the sword in the hands of Justice; no more might I hope to make Egypt free and great and sit upon my lawful throne. Khem was lost, and lost was I, Harmachis. In the rush and turmoil of events, the great plot whereof I had been the pivot was covered up and forgotten; scarce did a memory of it remain. The curtain of dark night was closing in upon the history of my ancient race; its very Gods were tottering to their fall; already could I, in the spirit, hear the shriek of the Roman eagles as they flapped their wings above the furthest banks of Sihor. Presently I roused myself and bade Atoua go search a mirror and bring it to me, that I might look therein.

And this I saw: a face shrunken and pallid, whereon no smile came; great eyes grown wan with gazing into darkness looking out, beneath the shaven head, emptily as the hollow eye-pits of a skull; a wizened, halting form wasted by abstinence, sorrow, and prayer; a long, wild beard of iron grey; thin, blue-veined hands that ever trembled like a leaf; bowed shoulders, and lessened limbs. Time and grief had done their work indeed; scarce could I think myself the same as when, the Royal Harmachis—in all the splendour of my strength and youthful beauty—I first had looked upon the woman's loveliness that did destroy me. And yet within me burned the same fire as of yore; yet I was not changed, for time and grief have no power to alter the immortal spirit of man. Seasons may come and go; Hope, like a bird, may fly away; Passion may break its wings against the iron bars of Fate; illusions may crumble as the cloudy towers of sunset flame; Faith, as running water, may slip from 'neath our feet; Solitude may stretch itself around us like the measureless desert sand; Old Age may creep as the gathering night over our bowed heads grown hoary in their shame;—yea, bound to Fortune's wheel, we may taste of every turn of chance—now rule as Kings, now serve as slaves; now love, now hate; now prosper, and now perish. But still, through all, we are the same; for this is the marvel of Identity.

And as I sat and thought these things in bitterness, there came a knocking at the door.

"Open, Atoua!" I said.

She rose and did my bidding; and a woman entered, clad in the Grecian robes. It was Charmion, still beautiful as of old, but sad-faced now and very sweet to see, with a patient fire slumbering in her downcast eyes.

She entered unattended; and, speaking no word, the old wife pointed to where I sat, and went.

"Old man," she said, addressing me, "lead me to the learned Olympus. I come upon the Queen's business."

I rose, and, lifting my head, looked upon her.

She gazed, and gave a little cry.

"Surely," she whispered, glancing round, "surely thou art not that?"—And she paused.

"That Harmachis whom once thy foolish heart did love, O Charmion? Yea, I am he and what thou seest, most fair lady. Yet is Harmachis dead whom thou didst love; but Olympus, the skilled Egyptian, waits upon thy words!"

"Cease!" she said, "and of the past but one word, and then—why, let it lie. Not well with all thy wisdom canst thou know a true woman's heart if thou dost believe, Harmachis, that it can change with the changes of the outer form, for then assuredly could no love follow its beloved to that last place of change—the Grave. Know thou, learned Physician, I am of that sort who, loving once, love always, and being not beloved again, go virgin to the death."

She ceased and, having naught to say, I bowed my head in answer. Yet, though naught I said, and though this woman's passionate folly had been the cause of all our ruin, to speak truth, in secret I was thankful to her who, wood of all and living in this shameless Court, had still through the long years poured out her unreturned love upon an outcast, and who, when that poor broken slave of Fortune came back in such unlovely guise, did yet hold him dear at heart. For what man is there who does not prize that gift most rare and beautiful, that one perfect thing which no gold can buy—a woman's unfeigned love?

"I thank thee that thou dost not answer," she said; "for the bitter words which thou didst pour upon me in those days that long are dead, and far away in Tarsus, have not lost their poisonous sting, and in my heart is no more place for the arrows of thy scorn, new venomous through thy solitary years. So let it be. Behold! I put it from me, that wild passion of my soul," and she looked up and stretched out her hands as

though to press some unseen presence back, "I put it from me—though forget it I may not! There, 'tis done, Harmachis; no more shall my love trouble thee. Enough for me that once more my eyes behold thee, before sleep seals thee from their sight. Dost remember how when I would have died by thy dear hand, thou wouldest not slay, but didst bid me live to pluck the bitter fruit of crime, and be accursed by visions of the evil I had wrought and memories of thee whom I had ruined?"

"Aye, Charmion, well do I remember."

"Surely hath the cup of punishment been filled. Oh! couldst thou see into the record of my heart and read thereon the suffering that I have borne—borne with a smiling face—thy justice would be satisfied indeed!"

"And yet, if report be true, Charmion, thou art the first of all the Court, and therein the most powerful and beloved. Doth not Octavianus give it forth that he makes war not on Antony, nor even on his mistress, Cleopatra; but on Charmion and Iras?"

"Yea, and think what it has been to me thus, even of my oath to thee, to be forced to eat the bread and do the biddings of one whom so bitterly I hate!—one who robbed me of thee, and who, through the workings of my jealousy, brought me to be that which I am, brought thee to shame, and all Egypt to its ruin! Can jewels and riches and the flattery of princes and nobles bring happiness to such a one as I, who am more wretched than the meanest scullion wench? Oh, often I have wept till I was blind; and then, when the hour came, I must arise and tire me, and, with a smile, go do the bidding of the Queen and that heavy Antony. May the Gods grant me to see them dead—aye, the twain of them!—then myself shall I be content to die! Hard hath been thy lot, Harmachis; but at least thou hast been free, and many is the time that I have envied thee the quiet of thy haunted cave."

"I do perceive, O Charmion, that thou art mindful of thy oaths; and it is well, for methinks the hour of vengeance is at hand."

"I am mindful, and in all things have I worked for thee in secret—for thee, and for the utter ruin of Cleopatra and the Roman. I have fanned his passion and her jealousy, I have egged her on to wickedness and him to folly, and of all have I caused report to be brought to Cæsar. Listen! thus stands the matter. Thou knowest how went the fight at Actium. Thither with her fleet went Cleopatra, sorely against the will of Antony. But, as thou sentest me word, I entreated him for the Queen, vowing to him, with tears, that, did he leave her, she would die of grief, and he, poor slave, believed me. And so she went, and in the thick of the fight, for what cause I know not, she made signal to her squadron and, putting about, fled from the battle, sailing for Peloponnesus. And now mark the end. When Antony saw that she was gone, he, in his madness, took a galley, and deserting all, followed hard after her, leaving his fleet to be shattered and sunk, and his great army in Greece, of twenty legions and twelve thousand horse, without a leader. And all this would no man believe, that Antony, the smitten of the Gods, had fallen so deep in shame. Therefore for a while the army tarried, and, but now to-night comes news brought by Canidius, the General, that, worn with doubt and being at length sure that Antony had deserted them, and the whole of that great force hath yielded to Cæsar."

"And where, then, is Antony?"

"On a little isle in the Great Harbour hath he built him a habitation and named it Timonium; because, forsooth, like Timon, he cries out at the ingratitude of mankind that hath forsaken him. And there he lies smitten by a fever of the mind, and thither must thou go at dawn, so wills the Queen, to cure him of his ills and draw him to her arms; for her he will not see, nor knows he yet the full measure of his woe. But first my bidding is to lead thee instantly to Cleopatra, who fain would ask thy counsel."

"I come," I answered, rising. "Lead thou on."

And so we passed the palace gates and along the Alabaster Hall, and presently once again I stood before the door of Cleopatra's chamber, and once again Charmion left me to warn her of my coming.

Presently she came back and beckoned to me. "Make strong thy heart," she whispered, "and see that thou dost not betray thyself, for still are the eyes of Cleopatra keen. Enter."

"Keen, indeed, must they be to find Harmachis in the learned Olympus!—Had I not willed it, thyself thou hadst not known me, Charmion," I made answer.

Then I entered that remembered place and listened once more to the plash of the fountain, the song of the nightingale, and the murmur of the summer sea. With bowed head and halting gait I came, till at length I stood before the couch of Cleopatra—that same golden couch whereon she had sat the night she did o'ercome me. Then I gathered my strength, and looked up. There before me was Cleopatra, glorious as of old, but, oh! how changed since that night when I saw Antony clasp her in his arms at Tarsus! Her beauty still clothed her like a garment, the eyes were yet deep and unfathomable as the blue sea, the face still splendid in its great loveliness. And yet all was changed. Time, that could not touch her charms, had stamped upon her presence such a look of weary grief as may not be written. Passion, beating ever in that fierce heart of hers, had written his record on her brow, and in her eyes shone the sad lights of sorrow.

Low I bowed before this most Royal woman, who once had been my love and my destruction, and yet knew me not.

She looked up wearily, and spoke in her slow, well-remembered voice—

"So thou art come at length, Physician. How callest thou thyself—Olympus? 'Tis a name of promise, for surely now that the Gods of Egypt have deserted us, we do need aid from Olympus. Well, thou hast a learned air, for learning goes not with beauty. Strange, too, there is that about thee which doth recall what I know not. Say, Olympus, have we met before?"

"Never, O Queen, have my eyes fallen on thee in the body," I answered. "Never till this hour, when I come forth from my solitude to do thy bidding and cure thee of thy ills."

"Strange! and even in the voice—Ishaw! 'tis some memory that I cannot catch. In the body thou sayest? then, perchance, I knew thee in a dream?"

"Aye, O Queen; in dreams have we met."

"Thou art a strange man, who talkest thus, but if what I hear be true, one well learned; and, indeed, I do mind me of thy counsel when thou didst bid me join my Lord Antony in Syria, and how things befell according to thy word. Skilled must thou be in the casting of nativities and in the law of auguries, whereof these Alexandrian fools have little knowledge. Once knew I such another man, one Harmachis," and she sighed; "but long is he dead—as I would I were also!—and at times, I sorrow for him."

She paused, while I sank my head upon my breast and stood silent.

"Interpret me this, Olympus. In the battle at that accursed Actium, just as the fight raged thickest and Victory began to smile upon us, a great terror seized my heart, and thick darkness seemed to fall before my eyes, while in my ears a voice cried 'Fly! fly, or perish!' and I fled. But from my heart the terror leapt to the heart of Antony, and he

followed after me, and thus was the battle lost. Say, then, what God brought this evil thing about?"

"Nay, O Queen," I answered, "it was no God—for wherein hast thou angered the Gods of Egypt? Hast thou robbed the temples of their faith? Hast thou betrayed the trust of Egypt? Having done none of these things, how, then, can the Gods of Egypt be wroth with thee? Fear not, 'twas naught but some natural vapour of the mind that o'erwhelmed thy gentle soul, made sick with the sight and sound of slaughter; and as for the noble Antony, where thou didst go needs must that he should follow."

And as I spoke, Cleopatra turned white and trembled, glancing at me the while to find my meaning. But well I knew that the thing was of the avenging Gods, for, by their will, I myself had some hand therein.

"Learned Olympus," she said, not answering my words; "my Lord Antony is sick and crazed with grief. Like some poor hunted slave he hides himself in yonder sea-girt tower and shuns mankind—yea, e'en me he shuns, who, for his sake, endure so many woes. Now, this is my bidding to thee. Tomorrow, at the coming of the light, do thou, led by Charmion, my waiting-lady, take boat and row thee to the Tower and there crave entry, saying that ye bring tidings from the army. Then will he cause you to be let in, and thou, Charmion, must break this heavy news that Canidius bears; for Canidius himself I dare not send. And when his grief is past, do thou, Olympus, soothe his fevered frame with thy draughts of wine, and his soul with honeyed words, and draw him back to me and all will yet be well. Do thou this and thou shalt have gifts more than thou canst count, for I am yet a Queen and yet can pay back those who serve my will."

"Fear not, O Queen," I answered, "this thing shall be done, and no reward ask I, who have come hither to do thy bidding to the end."

So I went and, summoning Atoua, made ready a certain potion.

(To be continued.)

IMPERIAL FEDERATION LEAGUE.

The fourth annual meeting of the Imperial Federation League was held at the Westminster Palace Hotel, under the presidency of the Earl of Rosebery. The annual report of the council stated that throughout 1888 the effects of the conference of the preceding year had made themselves felt in direct practical steps towards the federation of the Empire, in greatly-increased public interest in the objects of the League, and in urgent demands on the part of many of its members, and chiefly those in the Colonies, for a further definition of those objects, and the adoption of a more active policy. A most important step had been taken in the opening of negotiations between the Dominion of Canada and the Australasian Colonies for a conference with a view to the development of improved trade-relations between those countries. The proposal had been well received by the Governments of the Australasian Colonies, who had invited delegates from Canada to visit Australia for that purpose. An agitation set on foot in Canada in favour of a commercial union between Canada and the United States, having failed in its object, had left behind it a strong desire for a fiscal arrangement between the Dominion and the rest of the British Empire. That would, however, be impossible so long as certain treaties were in operation; but there was no doubt that a strong feeling existed among the people of Canada upon the subject, and there was every reason to think it would continue to make itself felt with increasing force.

The Earl of Rosebery, in moving the adoption of the report, congratulated the League upon the progress which they had been enabled to make during the past year. It was not for them to produce a cut-and-dried plan for the federation of the Empire, and certainly he did not believe in specially exporting a plan for the acceptance of the Colonies. All great questions had their ebb and flow; and so it was with the great question to which the League had put its hands, and which, he had no doubt, would, in the fulness of time, be conducted to a practical conclusion.

Lord Carnarvon, in seconding the motion for the adoption of the report, deplored the immense ignorance which prevailed upon the subject of Imperial federation, and appealed to the friends of the movement to throw themselves ardently into furthering public instruction on the subject.

Sir John Colomb, M.P., supported the motion, which was carried unanimously.

Addresses were also delivered by Sir Frederick Weld and Mr. Arnold Forster.

SPIRIT MOTORS.

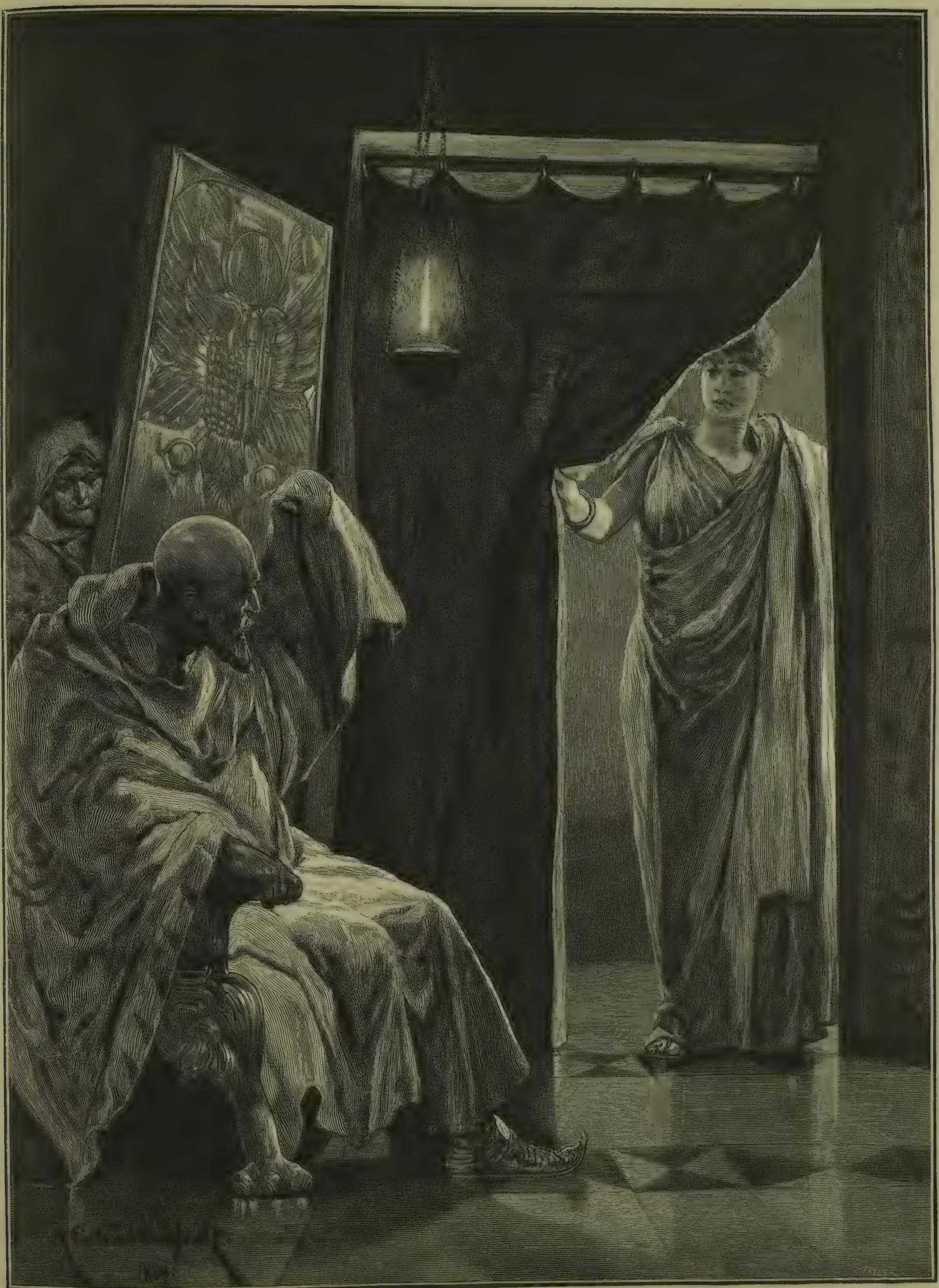
At a meeting of the Society of Arts recently held—Admiral Sir John Hay in the chair—Mr. A. F. Yarrow, the well-known builder of torpedo-boats, read a paper, entitled "The use of spirit as an agent in prime movers."

The system which the author had adopted consisted mainly in using, in place of water from which to generate vapour for working the engine, a petroleum spirit of a specific gravity of about 0·680. Mr. Yarrow gave some interesting details of a number of experiments he had made in order to test the value of the system. The main result was that in the case of ordinary water vapour or steam, 2524 foot-pounds per minute were obtained on the brake, whilst with spirit vapour, 4722 foot-pounds were obtained per minute, equal quantities of fuel being consumed in each case. These figures therefore represent the relative efficiencies of the two vapours as agents in prime movers, or, in other words, the advantage of spirit vapour over steam for driving an engine.

There was a very full meeting, and an animated discussion followed the reading of the paper, in which the chairman, Sir John Hay; Admiral Boys; Professor Lambert, of the Royal Naval College, Greenwich; Mr. Boerton Redwood, Mr. J. E. Dowson, and others took part. Sir John Hay, Admiral Boys, and other Naval officers spoke of the great promise the system showed for use in the Navy, especially in torpedo-boat work. Mr. George Garratt, the author of the submarine torpedo-boat, also referred to the advantages offered for marine engines. Mr. G. R. Dunell had used one of Mr. Yarrow's spirit-launches for river and sea work. He spoke of the extraordinary seaworthy qualities of the boat. The time required for getting under weigh averaged two minutes, and the absence of dirt and blacks was a great blessing. He considered the system especially well suited for yachts and launches.

The Misses Nutter, of Wanstead, have announced their intention of building, at a cost of about £2000, the chancel of the new church of the Holy Trinity, Hermon-hill, in memory of their deceased sister, Miss Jane Hutchinson Nutter.

Each of the proposed new American States, Montana, Washington, North Dakota, and South Dakota, has elected a convention, which will meet on July 4, to frame a Constitution. The Constitution is to be adopted by popular vote on Oct. 1, and when this has been done each State will be admitted to the Union, making forty-two united States.



DRAWN BY R. C. WOODVILLE.

A woman entered, clad in the Grecian robes. It was Charmion.

"CLEOPATRA."—BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

NEW BOOKS OF TRAVEL.

Travels in the Atlas and Southern Morocco. By Joseph Thomson, F.R.G.S. (G. Philip and Son).—The distinguished explorer of Masai Land, and of the Lake Nyassa region, who has won high tokens of honour from the Royal Geographical Society, devoted six months of last year to journeys in a country of Africa much nearer home. Morocco has, during the past twelvemonth, occupied a good share of space in our own Journal, not only with a special narrative, and sketches by Mr. R. C. Woodville, of the visit of the British diplomatic Mission to the capital city, but with a French artist's illustrations of the Sultan's military expedition against the revolted Berber tribes. The port and town of Tangier, almost within sight of Gibraltar and within hearing of the guns of that British fortress, must be familiar to many Englishmen; but very few are acquainted with the mountain districts to the south of the city of Morocco. This may be considered to justify Mr. Thomson in styling his book "A Narrative of Exploration," though it is not to be supposed that any of the places it describes were never before seen by some European traveller. His work in Morocco, however, being that of an expert observer in topography, orography, and geology, will be a serviceable contribution to science, furnishing more exact knowledge of the Atlas range than had previously been obtained. This information, of course, in the present volume, is given only to the extent, and in the manner, likely to be agreeable to the general reader, while more precise returns may belong to the transactions of learned societies. As a popular narrative of travelling adventures, in which the author was accompanied by Mr. Harold Crichton-Browne, the book is sufficiently entertaining.

Moorish towns, and the costumes and manners of their motley inhabitants, among whom the Jews form a distinct and conspicuous separate part, are vividly described; and if Tangier was already pretty well known, there is some novelty in the account of such places as Safi and Mogador, on the west or Atlantic coast. The interior is practically closed to ordinary tourists by the inability of the Sultan's Government, one of the feeblest and most corrupt recognised by our Foreign Office, to answer for their personal safety. Under these circumstances, it seems to us, the resolution of the enterprising explorer, a fine British quality in itself, should be tempered by discretion. Any man riding a mule or a pony, and commanding half-a-dozen hired Arab servants, with proper official letters of recommendation, might easily traverse all the passes of the Atlas, supposing the chiefs of all the native tribes to be loyal and obedient to the Shereefian rule. But it is notorious that, last year, the highlands of the Atlas were disturbed by local insurrections and hostilities. The Sultan's orders, received at Tangier on April 3, expressly forbade the English travellers to venture on the unfrequented mountain routes. If any grievous harm had come to them, from the unruly behaviour of the Sultan's nominal subjects, it would have occasioned vast trouble, both to his Government, and to the representatives of Great Britain. To deceive the local authorities concerning an intended route, in this state of affairs, or to bully or cajole their subordinate officers into permitting excursions beyond the approved limits, would not appear conduct favourable to the true interests of our nation. There is a little too much of this in Mr. Thomson's proceedings on several occasions, as related by himself, and it seriously diminishes our gratification in reading his narrative. It equally prevents us from sympathising with his contemptuous and indignant complaints of his Moorish and Arab followers, who were probably well aware that he was forcing them to attend him, contrary to the orders of their Government, where he had no right to go. Mr. Thomson's previous experiences, in the very different conditions of Eastern Africa, often in regions under no paramount lawful sovereignty, may not have accustomed him to pay due regard to such obligations. His want of command of the Arabic language was also a disqualification for satisfactory intercourse with the persons whose assistance he required.

It is surprising that he managed to get on so well as he did, after leaving Demnat on June 5, and to explore, without molestation, at the head of an unwilling train of servants, the most interesting recesses of the mountains. In the neighbourhood of Demnat, which is a town beautifully situated, about eighty miles east of the city of Morocco, he viewed the wonderful limestone cavern and waterfall of Iminifiri, and a mysterious ancient ruined building on the mountain summit beyond; also the precipices and caves of Tasimset and the heights of Tazaroch. His next expedition was from Tezert, up the Wad Gadat, in Glauwa, to the Pass of Teluet, amidst wild and romantic scenery, and to the grand Kasbah or Castle of El Madani, the feudal Lord and Kaid or Governor of that province. No description we have read of the character and establishment of a powerful vassal or satrap of Mussulman rule, under existing circumstances, in barbaric countries of Islam, is more striking than that of El Madani, who hospitably entertained his English visitors ten days, but would not allow them to proceed farther. They were bent on reaching Gindafy, a place of importance in the valley south of the central mountain group. This object was ultimately achieved by the pass above Amsmiz, an arduous and difficult route, at an elevation of nearly 10,000 ft.; but their labours were rewarded by the grandest scenery in the Atlas range. Marossa and the Asif el Mel, the ascent of Jebel Ogdimi, the glen of Urika, the Wad Imminen, and the Tizi Likunpt, highly picturesque and romantic scenes, with extremely uncouth names, are successively brought to view. The city life of the Moorish capital, which is properly called "Maraksh," occupies five or six lively chapters. The volume is furnished with two good maps, with smaller plans, and sixty or seventy pictures. It will be found one of the most interesting of recent books of travel.

A Girl's Ride in Iceland. By Ethel B. Harley (Mrs. A. Tweedie) (Griffith, Farran, and Co.).—The authoress of this pleasing and instructive account of a tour round the strange and remote island, lying near the Arctic Circle, far to the north-west of Great Britain, is the daughter of a London physician, Dr. George Harley, M.D., F.R.S., known among scientific men. In the summer of 1887, which was before her marriage, Miss Harley and another young lady, accompanied by Miss Harley's brother, then a medical student at Edinburgh, and by two other gentlemen, took their passage on board the steamer Camoens, belonging to the Icelandic Steamship Company, of Leith. Twenty-four days, altogether, was the time occupied in this cruise, including the voyages, going and returning, with some hindrance from bad weather, and the nearly complete circuit of Iceland, viewing the eastern and northern shores as well as Reykjavik, which is in the south-western corner of the island. Akureyri, a little town up the Oe Fjord, on the north coast, was the first port visited; and the next was Sanderkrok. The greater part of the interior seems to be uninhabited, and incapable of cultivation. There are scarcely any trees. In the coast towns, or rather villages, the houses are neatly built of wood, and are not uncomfortable; but the peasants live in cabins built of peat. Stores of flour and groceries are brought in summer by

the trading-vessels. There is a large export of native ponies, cod and other preserved fish; and there are meat-preserving establishments for home consumption. Mutton and beef are the meats produced by the island; there is no pork, and no poultry. Not a pig is to be seen in all Iceland; we wonder why not? could not they be fed on the refuse parts of fish? The inhabited districts are not connected by roads for wheeled carriages; all goods are carried on the backs of ponies. Iceland is, doubtless, a hard country to live in; but, with all that is said of its ancient historical civilisation, its famous literature and learned scholars, we cannot but suspect that its people have to thank their own indolence and want of enterprise for much of the poverty they suffer. They appear, however, to be an honest, civil, hospitable kind of folk. Mrs. Alec Tweedie expresses a friendly interest in their condition; she has also collected some notices of their history, which is not the least illustrious part of the renown of the Scandinavian race.

Reykjavik, the capital city, a thousand years old, with its population of 4000 inhabitants, its cathedral, Senate house, college, library, and museum of antiquities, has often been described. The existence of such European institutions not far from the coast of Greenland is a fact that affects the imagination; but there are in Iceland no buildings or artificial monuments of a striking aspect. The most imposing romantic associations are those of the ancient place of national assembly, the Thingvalla, with its approach through the Allmannagya, where the members of the "Althing," the open-air Parliament, used to meet for legislative and judicial deliberations between the stupendous walls of rock inclosing that singular chasm. The authoress, riding her pony in the masculine attitude, which for long and rough journeys is decidedly preferable to a side-saddle, went to the Geysers and back, 160 miles, in four days, which for a lady seems to be a remarkable feat. She was not able to reach Mount Hecla; but her book supplies much information about that and several other volcanoes in Iceland, and their numerous recorded eruptions, which have greatly injured the chances of prosperous occupation of the country. Dr. Harley appends to his daughter's account of the Geysers a scientific explanation of that phenomenon, which he has personally examined in the Yellowstone River region of North America. He was there accompanied by his son, Mr. Vaughan Harley, who also visited, last year, the scene of the recent tremendous volcanic eruption in Japan.

The Land of Manfred: Rambles in Southern Italy. By Janet Ross (J. Murray).—"Italian Sketches," mostly in Tuscany and Umbria, have been written by Mrs. Ross, the daughter of Lady Duff Gordon and grand-daughter of Mrs. Austin, the descendant of "Three Generations of English-women," whose genius and accomplishments were sufficiently known to give biographical importance to her recent book of their personal memoirs. This lady now presents to us another pleasant volume, describing a part of Italy which is seldom visited by ordinary travellers. Yet its classical and historical associations have peculiar interest, as well for the student of Greek antiquities, or the reader of Livy and of Horace, as for anyone whose mind is attracted by the romantic incidents of the Middle Ages. We refer to the invasions of Sicily and Calabria by the Saracens, the Norman conquest, and the powerful Empire of the Swabian dynasty. A considerable influence on European civilisation, especially on the early stages and forms of literary culture among the leading nations of modern Europe, was exerted by the splendid monarchy of Frederick II., in the thirteenth century. And though its Court at Palermo was most renowned, it was in Apulia, the country which Mrs. Ross describes, that Frederick best liked to dwell. His second wife, the English Princess Isabella, daughter of our King John, died in that country in 1241; but she was not the mother of his son Manfred, the gallant and generous Prince whose fate was deplored for ages by the Italian and Sicilian people. The great Emperor, the ablest, boldest, and most enlightened ruler of nations that ever Germany and Italy jointly owned, was an avowed enemy of the Popes, who after his death called in Charles of Anjou, with a French army, to strip his family of their lawful possessions. Manfred, in the absence of his elder brother Conrad, was reigning in the Two Sicilies; he bravely defended his rights, but fell at the battle of Benevento, in 1266, and the long struggle between Guelph and Ghibelline thenceforth distracted the whole of Italy.

Bearing in mind these passages of history, the "Land of Manfred," with its personal anecdotes of Frederick, and of Manfred and his unfortunate widow and children, given by way of commentary on the description of places in Apulia, is an interesting book. Such places are Castel del Monte, the well-preserved favourite mansion of the Emperor; the towns of Foggia, Lucera, Andria, Trani, Barletta, and Bari, each of which has its characteristic stories and monuments; and Benevento, noted also in Roman history. The scholar may also refresh his memory of the last campaigns of Hannibal, and that of Pyrrhus, against the Romans; or may think of Venosa, the birthplace of the wisest and most charming of Latin poets; and may then follow Mrs. Ross to that sunniest corner of South Italy, which he loved better than his Sabine farm—"ille terrarum mihi præter omnes angulus ridet"—on the banks of the Galæsus at Tarentum. There is entertainment for various tastes in the many local sketches and studies which are presented by this agreeable lady traveller. The architectural grandeur and beauty of some of the old Norman and mediæval churches are exhibited in drawings by Signor Carlo Orsi, who was one of her party. At Leucaspide, near Taranto, they were the guests of Sir James Lacaita, a gentleman as well known in England as in Italy, and a great friend of Mr. Gladstone. We can safely recommend this volume as an instructive book about Italy, which, at least, does not consist of scenes and topics already familiar to the general reader, but of those rarely noticed and far remote from the common tourist's track.

The annual conversazione of the Institution of Electrical Engineers was held on May 24, in the galleries of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly. The members and visitors were received by the president, Sir William Thomson, and Lady Thomson. The attendance was very large, and most of the leading electricians were present. The band of the Coldstream Guards played a selection of music during the evening.

The preachers on Sundays in June at Westminster Abbey are:—On the 2nd, at ten, the Dean of Rochester; at three, Canon Furse; at seven, the Rev. J. Llewellyn Davies, Rector of Kirkby Lonsdale. On the 9th (Whit Sunday), at ten, the Dean; at three, Canon Furse; at seven, the Rev. D. Welldon, Head-Master of Harrow. On the 16th (Trinity Sunday), at ten, the Rev. Dr. Troutbeck; at three, Canon Furse; at seven, the Bishop of Derry and Raphoe. On the 23rd, at ten, Canon Aubrey Moore, Tutor of Keble College, Oxford; at three, Canon Furse; at seven, the Archbishop of York. On the 30th, at ten, the Dean of Manchester, when the Royal Naval Volunteers will attend; at three, Canon Furse at seven, the Archbishop of Canterbury. On the 10th (Whit Monday), at three, the Dean.

THE COLOURED PICTURE.
DERBY WINNERS.

On the eve of another Derby what visions crowd upon fancy as we contemplate the picture conjured up for us by Mr. Sturgess! Absorbed though we may have been in speculation on the chances of Donovan, Pioneer, and Chitabob, Miguel, Laureate, and Morghay, the pleasures of anticipation fade as memory leads us, captive, back to the scenes of bygone victories, and we feel ourselves in the presence of mighty champions once more. Whether his Grace of Portland's handsome bay colt will carry the odds now laid as gaily as he did the substantial honours showered upon him in his two-year-old career, when stakes to the value of nearly sixteen thousand five hundred pounds fell to his share, or whether the chestnut son of Robert the Devil and Jenny Howlett will wrest the laurels from Donovan as he did for the Whitsuntide Plate at Manchester last year are questions that concern us less and less as imagination revels in recollections of neck-and-neck struggles between horses whose hoofs shall thunder no more on the turf of Epsom Downs, but whose counterfeit presentment Mr. Sturgess has so cunningly limned. Archer with his ungraceful but inimitably powerful seat on Bend Or or Ormonde, father and son, who carried the bright yellow jacket of Westminster's Duke first past the post, or on Melton or Iroquois, recalls vivid impressions of the day when we saw him in the still-more famous magpie jacket flash out of the crowd with that terrible rush round Tattenham Corner, bugging the rail so close that one leg had to be thrown over it; bring Silvio down the hill, as if he were the engine that gave life and motion to the horse, and win his first Derby by masterly riding. That victory marked a memorable year in which Archer won the bulk of £34,380 for Lord Falmouth, the largest amount of stakes ever taken by a single owner of race-horses in one season. Memory brings back to us also the scene when another great jockey won his first and only Derby, and people who had lost heavily cheered the victory of an indifferent horse because it seemed to change the course of George Fordham's persistent ill-luck in the Derby. The deep ground, however, had favoured a slow mover like Sir Bevys, who could not win another big race for Mr. Leopold Rothschild any more than Fordham could ever get to the front again when the pace was hot round Tattenham Corner. We see Archer on Bend Or bringing the "Ducal gold" with a rush past Robert the Devil—almost taking the breath out of little Rossiter by his sudden apparition—and winning the race through sheer force of character. We hear, too, the roar of American throats as Archer brings Iroquois deftly "through his horses," stalls off the challenges of Peregrine and Town Moor and bears Mr. Lorillard's crimson jacket and hooped sleeves to victory, thereby crowning 1881 as the "Yankee year." Then comes Tom Cannon's turn to wear the Westminster colours and win a grand race against Quicklime on Shotover, the only mare who has carried off the Derby Stakes since Blink Bonny's year. Again we conjure up a mental picture of the scene when Archer, on Lord Falmouth's Galliard and Fred Webb on Lord Ailesbury's Highland Chief let Wood slip past them and win with St. Blaise, which Galliard would have galloped to a standstill. That the magpie jacket ought to have been first every expert who watched the race knew, and Lord Falmouth, in disgust, retired for a while from the turi. At his sale, Sir John Willoughby gave a high price for Harvester, who a year later ran a dead-heat with St. Gatien; but never won another great race, though he was always a good handicap horse. The nerves tingle as in fancy one sees again the splendid struggle between Archer on Melton and Webb on Paradox, with Royal Hampton close behind. How the great crowd held its breath as those two came locked together, and what a roar went up as Archer just managed to snatch victory in the last stride!

Then came Archer's last Derby, when with Ormonde, the great striding son of Bend Or, he beat The Bard, who was thought good enough to win a Derby in any company. The favourite whose two-year-old career was undimmed by defeat, won the Two Thousand and the St. Leger; but no horse ever made him gallop again as did the little chestnut Bard. Merry Hampton's victory over the sluggish Baron and Martley was memorable only for the fact that first, second, and third horses were all ridden in colours of which the prevailing hue was green. How Ayrshire won the fastest Derby on record, carrying the Duke of Portland's white jacket, black sleeves and cap for the first time to victory in this race, every sportsman knows. The dark bay son of Hampton and Atlanta seemed to leave the ruck standing still when Barrett called upon him, and only by John Osborne's jockeyship could Crowberry make the semblance of a race, while Van Dieman's Land was left far in the rear.

And here the succession of mental pictures ceases, fading from view as another hero looms through the future; but whether it be Donovan or Chitabob, or some dark horse yet undiscovered, he will not be likely to eclipse entirely the glory of Derby winners of the last ten years.

H. H. S. P.

Lord Tennyson and the Hon. Hallam Tennyson have gone for a few weeks' trip in the Sunbeam, which Lord Brassey has placed at their disposal.

The festivities in connection with the silver wedding of the Comte and Comtesse de Paris took place at Sheen House, Mortlake, their residence, on May 30. Their Royal Highnesses were married at St. Raphael's Roman Catholic Church, Kingston-on-Thames, and, accordingly, a special service was held there in the morning. In the afternoon a garden-party was given in the grounds of Sheen House.

The General Assemblies of the Established and Free Churches were opened in Edinburgh on May 23. Lord Hope-toun, Lord High Commissioner, held a levée in Holyrood Palace, and after the levée, Lord and Lady Hopetoun, with representatives of civic dignitaries of the leading Scottish towns, drove in procession to St. Giles's Cathedral. The retiring Moderator, Dr. Aird, of Creech, preached to a crowded congregation, and business was thereafter commenced in the Assembly Hall.

The London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company announce that they are making special arrangements so that trains may be dispatched at frequent intervals from both their Victoria and London Bridge stations direct to their Race-course station on the Epsom Downs near the Grand Stand; and for the convenience of passengers from the Northern and Midland counties, arrangements have been made with the several railway companies to issue through tickets to the Race-course station from all their principal stations via Kensington or Victoria, to which stations the trains of the London and North-Western, Great Western, Great Northern, and Midland Railways are now running. The Brighton Company also give notice that their West-End offices, 28, Regent-circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel-buildings, Trafalgar-square, will remain open until 10 p.m., on Monday, Tuesday, and Thursday, June 3, 4, and 6, for the sale of the special tickets to the Epsom Downs Race-course station, at the same fares as charged from Victoria and London Bridge stations.

BENEVOLENT OBJECTS.

An anonymous donor called at the office of the London City Mission, and left £490 in Bank of England notes for the benefit of the institution.

At the one hundred and first annual festival of the Royal Masonic Institution for Girls, given in the Freemasons' Tavern, the sum of £5354 was announced as the result of the subscription list for the year.

At the Italian Hospital in Queen-square on May 22 a bronze bust of Signor Cavaliere G. B. Ortelli was unveiled in the presence of Signor Commendatore Catalani, Italian Chargé d'Affaires, and a large number of Italian residents in London. On the same occasion an illuminated address was presented to Signor Ortelli, who was the founder and is one of the chief supporters of the hospital, and who has won the affection and gratitude of all his fellow-countrymen resident in London by his unwearied efforts to relieve all of them who are in trouble, whether from sickness or other misfortune. Signor Ortelli established a stall at the Italian Exhibition last year for the sole benefit of the hospital. Signor Ortelli is the only surviving founder of the Italian Beneficent Society, and he is also a member of the Society for Helping Foreigners in Distress. After the ceremony, those present met at luncheon.

The thirty-seventh annual general court of the governors of the Hospital for Sick Children was held on May 22, under the presidency of Viscount Gort. The committee of management reported, for the first time for five years, an increase in the amount of annual subscriptions and donations. By command of her Majesty the Queen, the sum collected for the Children's Jubilee Tribute—namely, £5910—had been handed over to the treasurer of the fund for the completion of the building. The amount for that purpose was thus raised to £11,635. A further sum of £13,500 is required to finish the building and provide the necessary furniture. The committee reported the establishment during the year of five cots. The Dolls' Show during the past year resulted in obtaining £300 for the building fund. The number of in-patients admitted in twelve months was 1100, and out-patients treated 17,156. The officers of the hospital having been duly appointed, it was stated that a series of meetings had been commenced at ladies' houses in aid of the hospital, and at the first (the Marchioness of Tweeddale's) £360 had been guaranteed. It was further intimated that instead of the annual dinner a meeting would be held at Dudley House on May 29, when a special appeal would be made for the balance of the sum required to finish the hospital.

The Duke of Cambridge presided, in the Hôtel Métropole, on May 22, at the second festival dinner of the Gordon Boys' Home. His Royal Highness, who was well supported, did justice to the character and achievements of Gordon and the success which has attended the attempt to perpetuate his memory by establishing a home for the outcast lads in whom he took so keen an interest. When the Duke read the list of donations the utmost enthusiasm was evoked by a letter from Mr. J. S. Morgan, of 13, Prince's-gate, who stated that he had much pleasure in placing at the disposal of the executive committee a sum sufficient to build the desired block of dormitories, as also the school buildings which would be needed when the dormitories were occupied. "I understand that the sum of £4000," Mr. Morgan proceeded, "will fully meet the requirements of the case, and, on being informed by the committee of the acceptance of this offer, I will at once place that sum at their disposal." Owing principally to this noble contribution, the secretary was able to announce that the subscriptions and donations reached a total of £7130.

By the kindness of Mr. and Mrs. Cyril Flower, an exhibition of work done, at home or in class, by scholars of evening schools in London and the country, in connection with the "Recreational Evening School Association," was held on May 23, at Surrey House, 7, Hyde Park-place. Princess Louise (Marchioness of Lorne), the president of the association, duly opened a very interesting display.

The annual united sale of the Society for Promoting Female Welfare, held in the arena of the Royal Albert Hall, was opened on May 22 by Baroness Burdett-Coutts, who was received by the Lady President, the Countess of Harrowby. Baroness Burdett-Coutts, in declaring the sale open, expressed her approval of the benevolent objects which had brought them together and her best wishes for the success of the society. The sale was well attended.

The Lord Chancellor presided over the anniversary festival dinner in aid of the funds of the National Hospital for the Paralysed and Epileptic, which took place on May 23, in the Hôtel Métropole. Upwards of two hundred ladies and gentlemen sat down to dinner. The secretary announced subscriptions and donations amounting to nearly £2500.

An exhibition of art-work, chiefly by amateurs, held in aid of the Parochial Mission Women Fund and the Working Ladies' Guild, was opened on May 22 by the Duchess of Edinburgh, at Hyde Park House, Albert-gate, lent for the occasion by Captain and Mrs. Naylor-Leyland. Several large rooms, including the picture gallery of the house, are devoted to the purposes of the exhibition, and are well filled with needlework, pictures in water-colours and oil, painting on glass, porcelain and articles of furniture; screens, repoussé brass, copper and silver work, embossed leather, and various pretty trifles.

A party of some eight-five emigrants, making the sixth this season, was dispatched by the Self-Help Emigration Society from St. Pancras on May 23, en route for Canada. After a plentiful supper, the emigrants assembled in one of the large waiting-rooms of the station, when short addresses were given by Lord Aberdeen and Messrs. Hodgkin, E. Wilson Gates, Benjamin Clarke, and other members of the committee, together with Mr. D. J. Legg, of the Religious Tract Society. Lord Aberdeen spoke of the hopeful and encouraging future now before the emigrants, and suggested that if they acted in the spirit of the old saying, "Trust in God and keep your powder dry," their success and happiness might be looked forward to with confidence. At the close of the meeting, Lady Balfour of Burleigh bade the party God-speed. This society assists emigrants to the Colonies after the most careful selection, sending only suitable cases. Funds, which are urgently needed, will be gladly welcomed by the secretary, the Rev. Robert Mackay, at the office, 4, Fleet-lane, Farringdon-street, E.C.

The Irving Amateur Dramatic Club, of which Mr. Henry Irving is the president, gave two performances of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," with Mendelssohn's music, on May 28 and 30, at St. George's Hall, in aid of the British Home for Incurables, and the Girls' Home, Charlotte-street. This club devotes its attention chiefly to the production of Shakspearian plays in the cause of charity, and it has given to various benevolent institutions, since its foundation, over £800 in all.

Count Deym, the Austro-Hungarian Ambassador, and Countess Deym have given their patronage to the Hungarian ball that will take place on Monday, June 17, in aid of the London Hungarian Association of Benevolence, and have consented to be present on the occasion. The Lady Mayoress has also given her patronage to the ball.

STATUE OF THE QUEEN, MEDICAL EXAMINATION HALL.

On Friday, May 24, her Majesty's birthday, the Prince of Wales unveiled the statue of the Queen placed in the vestibule of the Examination Hall of the Royal Colleges of Physicians and Surgeons. It will be remembered that the Queen laid the foundation-stone of that building, on the Victoria Thames Embankment, above Waterloo Bridge. The statue, which is the work of Mr. F. J. Williamson, sculptor, represents her Majesty life-size and standing, wearing robes of semi-State, with a skirt of superb lace, a silk train trimmed with miniver, and a delicately-wrought veil of Honiton lace surmounted by a small crown. On her breast are the Order of the Garter with the riband and star, and the Orders of the Crown of India and Victoria and Albert. The jewels worn are a diamond necklace and diamond bracelets. One of the hands—which are slightly crossed—carries a fan and a lace handkerchief. The plinth of the statue is decorated with curious Indian ornamentation, and the pedestal is, like the effigy it bears, wrought in the best Sicilian marble, carved in panels. With the pedestal the monument stands 11 ft. high, and has a very imposing appearance. As yet there is no inscription, but one will be affixed. It may be added that her Majesty gave Mr. Williamson several sittings for the bust of the statue, and that the dress is copied from articles worn by the Queen.

His Royal Highness, accompanied by his two sons, Prince Albert Victor and Prince George, was received by Sir Andrew



STATUE OF THE QUEEN AT THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS AND SURGEONS.

Clark, President of the Royal College of Physicians; Mr. W. S. Savory, President of the Royal College of Surgeons; Mr. John Marshall, President of the Committee of Management; Dr. W. Munk and Sir A. Garrod, vice-presidents; Dr. Wilks, Dr. Latham, Dr. Hughlings Jackson, Dr. Broadbent, Sir Dyce Duckworth, treasurer; Dr. E. Liveing, registrar; Sir Henry Pitman, Dr. W. M. Ord, and Dr. Norman Moore; also the following members of the College of Surgeons: Mr. J. W. Hulke and Mr. Christopher Heath, vice-presidents; Sir James Paget, Sir Spencer Wells, Mr. Lund, Mr. Power, Mr. Hutchinson, Mr. Bryant, Mr. Trimmer, and Mr. Cowell. There was a guard of honour of the Volunteer Medical Staff Corps, and the band of the Scots Guards played before the ceremony.

Escorted by the two presidents and Mr. Marshall, and preceded by the maces of the colleges, the Prince advanced to the space in front of the statue, and stood while Sir Andrew Clark delivered an address, to which his Royal Highness replied. The statue was unveiled and the Prince made an inspection of the building. The band played the National Anthem at his departure.

The Mayor of Northampton has opened a new wing of the Northampton Hospital, which is the oldest in the provinces, in commemoration of the Queen's Jubilee. Prince Albert Victor laid the foundation-stone in October, 1887. The new wing provides accommodation for nineteen children, all the cots for whom have been provided by the school-children of the town, and a convalescent ward of the building which has been furnished by public subscription.

On the same site at West Brompton as that occupied by the successful Italian Exhibition last year, there will shortly be opened the Spanish Exhibition, at which will be on view specimens of the arts, manufactures, sports, and national costumes of "the land of legend and romance, sunny Spain." There is an influential reception committee and executive council, and the preparations for the inaugural ceremony are being rapidly completed.

An exhibition of the works of the "English Humorists in Art" will be opened, on June 8, at the Royal Institute of Painters in Water-Colours, Piccadilly. The contributors include her Majesty, who will exhibit original drawings of Rowlandson and others, from the Royal collection. The works of George Cruikshank, "Phiz" (H. K. Browne), John Leech, Randolph Caldecott, J. Tenniel, Charles Keene, George Du Maurier, Harry Furniss, and many others whose humorous art has delighted the public, will be well represented. The exhibition promises to be one of remarkable interest.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

OUR MONTHLY LOOK ROUND.

The exact use of the "rattle" with which the tail of the rattlesnake is provided has long formed matter for discussion among zoologists. This appendage consists of a series of horny rings, which emit a noise when the snake bestirs itself. The difficulty concerning the rattle has always been involved in the thought, that, to possess a rattle is really a disadvantage to the snake, inasmuch as the noise made by the horny rings would be apt, it was contended, to warn its prey against the snake's approach. It is, on this theory, very much as if a policeman watched for the appearance of burglars, wearing a pair of very heavy boots, and every now and then springing his rattle to give warning of his presence. Now, does Nature ever arm or provide an animal against itself? True, one might quote instances even within the compass of our own frames to show that there are certain rudiments and vestiges of organs within man's body, for the absence or want of which he might be considerably the better, in so far as freedom from risk of disease is concerned; but the larger question just mooted is most interesting from any point of view. Mr. Darwin had felt the force of the remark about the rattlesnake's tail. I find him telling us that while the snake has a poison gland for its defence and the destruction of prey, "some authors suppose that, at the same time, it is furnished with a rattle for its own injury—namely, to warn its prey. I would almost as soon believe," adds Mr. Darwin, "that the cat curls the end of its tail when preparing to spring in order to warn the doomed mouse." From which it is evident that the great observer of Nature was no believer in the idea that Dame Nature arms an animal against itself.

Mr. Darwin's view was that the rattle served to terrify or alarm the birds of prey which attack even the most venomous of snakes. He compares it in this light to the hissing and swelling of the puff-adder, and to the ruffling of the hen's feathers when a dog approaches her chickens. Another suggestion was that of regarding the click of the rattle as imitating the noise made by certain insects. On this theory birds swooping down to catch the supposed insect were, in their turn, seized by the snake. Such lures and contrivances are not uncommon in animals and plants; but, apart from all theories as to the utility of the rattle, one may feel interested in a recent account given by Mr. S. Garman, of the Cambridge Museum, Massachusetts, of the growth of this curious appendage. He tells us that the rings of the rattle merely represent the sloughs of the end of the tail. At each moult of the skin the rattle seems to increase in size. A kind of button appears when the snake is a week old. The first ring of the rattle is set free with the first skin-casting, then the button is pushed forwards and another ring duly elaborated. When full grown, the last seven rings of the rattle show the period of the most rapid growth in the snake. These form the "tapering rattle." The other rings, of different shape, indicate the time of less active growth. Mr. Garman reminds us that many snakes besides the rattlesnake (e.g., the copper-head of the United States) make a noise with their tails. Is it not, therefore, possible that the habit we see specially in force in the rattlesnake is, after all, merely the development of a chance habit of making a noise through contact of a hard-tipped tail with the ground? On this view of things we would be spared all anxiety in endeavouring to find a use for the appendage.

Some of my readers who are interested in botany may be glad to receive a hint concerning a means of preserving the colours of dry flowers. The specimens are to be steeped in a solution of sulphurous acid (*not* sulphuric acid) containing one-fourth its volume of methylated spirit. If the flowers are delicate, the bath must not exceed five or ten minutes. Thick leaves are said to require soaking for twenty-four hours. After removing the specimens from the fluid, they are to be allowed to dry, and then may be preserved between paper, in the ordinary fashion.

Among the rarest of animals in our museums is the pearly nautilus, a far-off cousin of the octopus itself. The nautilus shell is common enough in our drawing-rooms polished, mounted to form an elegant pearly vase; but the living animal is truly a *rara avis*. If I mistake not, the Challenger expedition succeeded in obtaining one living specimen only, dredged up off Matuku Island in 320 fathoms of water; but Professor Sir Richard Owen's earlier description and dissections of the nautilus are, of course, familiar to every student of natural history. The shell is divided by partitions or *septa* into a number of chambers. In the last and biggest chamber the animal lives, and it is regarded as having successively inhabited all the chambers; making a new one, and partitioning off the old when the exigencies of growth rendered a change of abode necessary. Each partition is perforated in the middle, and through the aperture runs a tube, ending in front in the animal's body. The use of this tube is unknown. It has always been a disputed point whether the disused chambers of the nautilus shell are filled during life with air or water. Many of the empty shells when shaken are shown to contain water, it is true, and having regard to the bottom-living habits of the nautilus, it is difficult, I confess, to see how its shell can contain air. Such a feature would better suit a buoyant creature living on the surface instead of one existing in water at a depth where the pressure would be 750 lb. on each square inch of its body—that is, fifty-three times in excess of the surface-pressure. We may rather conclude that the living nautilus has a shell filled with water, and not with air. It is needless to remark that the pearly nautilus is to be distinguished from the paper-nautilus, or argonaut, of which Pope sings "Learn of the little nautilus to sail." Unfortunately for Pope and poetry, the "little nautilus" does nothing of the kind. Like its pearly neighbour it is a very mundane cuttlefish, a bottom-liver, making ascents to the top and skimming along the surface of the water, but in no case "spreading the thin oar or catching the driving gale."

A correspondent sends us a very elegantly got up book by Mr. W. Treloar, of Ludgate-hill, London, on the cocoa-nut palm. In this beautifully illustrated volume, the growth and history of the palm are duly detailed, and ample reference is made to the remarkable industry to which the manufacture of the materials afforded by this tree has given rise. Mr. Treloar was the first, I believe, to introduce cocoa-nut fibre as a raw material into commerce, and it is needless for me to remark in this matter of utilising the palm for making all kinds of matting and allied articles.

ANDREW WILSON.

Similar measure has been meted out to the Adelphi Club gamblers examined at Bow-street as had been dealt to those of the Field Club at Marlborough-street; Cohen, the proprietor, being fined £500; De la Croix, the secretary, £200; Hyams, the club porter, £25; and Clegg, £25; the other defendants being discharged.



LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR—SATURDAY AFTERNOON: "HANDS TO DANCE AND SKYLARK."

LIFE ON BOARD A MAN-OF-WAR.

Saturday afternoon, when the ship is in port, or in a position that allows the crew to be indulged with an hour's leisure, except the seamen actually on needful posts of duty, witnesses a little wholesome recreation among the brave fellows of the Royal Navy. "All work and no play," says the proverb, "makes Jack a dull boy"; and it would not be good policy to deny our Jack Tars a convenient opportunity, if possible once a week, for merrily and sportively refreshing their manly spirits with some frolicsome exercise agreeable to their own taste. Some dance on deck to the music of one of the band of the Royal Marines, or at least to that of a fiddle; the old country-dance, the quadrille, and even the waltz or polka, may be executed by stalwart performers, who keep themselves in practice till they can find fair partners when they go ashore. It would be a shame if no man could be found on board her Majesty's ship able to show the genuine sailor's hornpipe, which is now, we are told, quite unknown to the crews of many English merchant-vessels. The lookers-on, having soberly imbibed their modest portion of grog—though not a few teetotallers and drinkers of cocoa or coffee by choice are now reckoned in the service—will smoke their soothing pipes, and view the lively gambols of their comrades with critical approval. A ship's company, under good and wise officers, should be a sort of happy family; and the cheerful scene depicted by our Artist is not unfavourable to strict discipline, or to alertness and alacrity in every part of the work of seamanship, and amid the dangers of battle.

NOVELS AND TALES.

The Repentance of Paul Wentworth. Three vols. (R. Bentley and Son).—A tone of sadness, unrelieved by humorous traits or touches, pervades this rather painful story of the consequences of serious moral error; but it is told with much delicacy and refinement of feeling. Paul Wentworth is an accomplished man of commanding talents, forty years of age, a successful lawyer, making a figure in London society, and intending to enter Parliament. He has a wife and two young daughters; but Mrs. Wentworth, an utterly selfish and cold-hearted person, has never disguised her indifference to her husband, and he has been wont to pay conspicuous attentions to other ladies. The character of a male flirt, especially under these circumstances, would seem merely despicable; yet the novelist would persuade us that Wentworth is led into unworthy and mischievous intrigues, not by his egotistic vanity or baser desires, but mainly by a disappointed craving for woman's affection. While spending a lonely vacation month on the shore of a Swiss lake, he makes the acquaintance of Muriel Ferrers, who is staying there with her uncle and aunt. Boating and walking adventures, moonlight interviews, his brilliant and earnest talk, a little singing of German love-songs, and a few lessons in sketching landscape, soon turn the poor girl's head. She believes him to be a widower, and gives her heart away to him in silence, hoping that he will seek her hand when they return to England. Wentworth, for his part, has no mind to involve her in a disgraceful situation; but he meanly conceals his own position as a married man, that he may enjoy the brief triumph of gaining her tender regard. The injury done to her, being limited to inflicting an incurable sorrow which she hides from all her friends, and from which she takes refuge in a hasty marriage with her old suitor, "Jack" or Geoffrey Arlingham, for some time escapes Wentworth's observation. He then becomes really a widower, by the accidental death of his wife, and is the fondest of fathers to his two girls. He has made money and quitted practice at the Bar, has a seat in the House, is a rising politician and presently holds office in the Ministry as Chief Secretary for Wales, fighting like Mr. Balfour at the Irish Office against a Nationalist Plan of Campaign. Now and then, meeting Mrs. Arlingham in society, he discovers that she is very unhappy; her husband, whom she had not really loved, turns out a dissipated, stupid, intemperate fellow, ruined by coarse companions and by gambling on the turf. Wentworth, at this time behaving to her as an honourable gentleman, and endeavouring to restrain a wrongful passion which she steadfastly repels, has an opportunity of doing her a friendly service in a perfectly innocent manner. Their interviews, related in the third volume, are characterised by the victory of right principles and noble sentiments; it is evident that Paul Wentworth's disposition has been elevated and purified by an increasing sense of his responsibilities and duties. But he is destined yet to suffer a terrible retribution. In the malignant acrimony of an election contest, some allusions to the former scandals of his private life have appeared in a scurrilous paper, which is accidentally read by his favourite daughter Stella; she falls ill and dies, at the age of sixteen, grieving over the loss of her fond esteem for a beloved and admired father. All this part of the story is unaffectedly touching and deeply pathetic. The "repentance" of Paul Wentworth is thus achieved by a grief which at length brings home to him, through parental feeling, a due consciousness of the sin of trifling with feminine affections. A few more years pass by, Muriel and her husband going to live in Italy; and we scarcely require to learn the conclusion of these trials. It comes to pass after the death of "Jack," when his widow finally accepts the hand of Paul Wentworth, a man close on fifty, entirely cured of his faults, and capable of a high degree of manly virtue. The likelihood of such a transformation, at his time of life, may seem questionable to many readers of this story; but it is certainly written with a good intention.

The Nether World. By George Gissing. Three vols. (Smith, Elder, and Co.).—Novel-readers accustomed to the gay and gorgeous scenes of fashionable society, the drawing-rooms and ball-rooms, the box at the Opera, the ride in the Park, and the lounge at the Club, may choose whether they will plunge, with this uncompromising author, into the most dismal slums of Clerkenwell. His exaggerated description of unseemly behaviour, drunkenness, and brawling, on a Bank holiday at the Crystal Palace, will be contradicted by the testimony of thousands of respectable observers who have been present on such occasions; such open indecencies are very rarely witnessed at places of popular resort. In his portraiture of some individual characters, even the vilest, who are not of the poorest class—for instance, that of Clem Peckover, the depraved young woman, handsome, cruel, and cunning, whose mother keeps an unfurnished lodging-house near St. James's Church in Clerkenwell—he does not at all transcend the likelihood of nature corrupted and debased by vicious breeding. This story, however, as well as his "Demos" and "Thyrsa," which we noticed with approval, may be read with advantage, though not with much pleasure, for the sake of its moral interest; especially for the sympathy that it excites in the family struggles of an honest working man, John Hewett, whose eldest daughter, Clara, after leaving her home to become a barmaid, yields to false ambition and seduction, and goes upon the stage with a travelling theatrical company. A rival actress, whom Clara has supplanted in the manager's favour, throws vitriol in her face, destroying her beauty, and she returns to her father in despair. Her former honourable lover, Sidney

Kirkwood, an intelligent and high-minded artisan with the manners and feelings of a true gentleman, bears an important part also in the other transactions of the story. These mainly concern the position of Jane Snowdon, a supposed orphan, brought up as the ill-treated drudge of Mrs. Peckover's household, but rescued by her grandfather, who has come home with a good deal of money from Australia; and his son, the girl's own father, Joseph Snowdon, reappears before long from America, greedy for the old man's wealth. The intention of old Michael Snowdon, who is a wild philanthropic enthusiast, is to bestow the greater part of his money in the endowment of charitable agencies, to be administered by his gentle granddaughter, and to give her hand to Sidney Kirkwood as a trustworthy helpmeet in such good work. Kirkwood had already learned to love Jane, not knowing her to be a sort of heiress, while Clara was believed to be lost; but when the forlorn situation of Clara appeals to his compassion, there is a revival of his earlier affection; he also scruples to accept the position offered to Jane and himself. The end is sad, leaving the faithful Kirkwood burthened with a helpless and repining wife, and sinking into depths of poverty from which one would like to see him raised.

A London Life, and Other Stories. By Henry James. Two vols. (Macmillan and Co.).—An unsparing sharpness of perception, applied to the weaknesses of human nature, and to the insincerities of society, without sympathetic humour, does not afford hearty entertainment. Mr. Henry James is a shrewd observer of American, French, and English manners; but his portraiture of individual characters, and his exhibition of their feelings and motives, are languid and commonplace; when they are stirred, it is with some vulgar passion. Laura Wing, the young American lady who lives with her unworthy sister, Mrs. Berrington, the wanton and reckless wife of a boorish country squire in England, fails to engage our interest, amidst the obvious difficulties of her delicate situation, through her own lack of noble feminine dignity. It is the disgrace of her sister, not the guilt and the sin, that Laura regards with such terror, chiefly on her own account; and in the critical scene with Mr. Wendover, in the private box at the opera, when Mrs. Berrington's elopement with Captain Crispin is effected, Laura's eager anxiety to obtain for herself a hasty offer of marriage prompts her to unmaidenly behaviour. One does not much like a young woman capable of pursuing this selfish endeavour, apparently without any strong affection for Mr. Wendover, at the very moment of her sister's ruin. Both these women are stated to be Americans, and what does Mr. Henry James mean to insinuate by calling his story "A London Life"? Are there no unfaithful wives in New York or in Boston? Are there no cynical, sordid, coarse-minded, husbands in America, ready enough, like Mr. Lionel Berrington, to avail themselves of a case for divorce from wives they wish to get rid of? It is a disagreeable story, not only for the badness of the bad people, but for the want of real goodness in any of the other people. "The Patagonia," which is the next of these tales, named from a steam-ship crossing the Atlantic to Liverpool, has a similar defect. How can we care greatly, except with some human pity, for the suicide of a person who is going, by appointment, to marry the honest man to whom she has been engaged seven years, and who chooses to flirt discreditably with a gay fellow-passenger on the slightest possible acquaintance? In the comic sketch of "The Liar," Colonel Cappadose, the audacious boaster of fictitious exploits and adventures, with his superior wife reduced to the depravity of lending her countenance to his notable falsehoods, there is a more diverting example of social humbug; and most of us have known one or two sporting and travelling military gentlemen who might have sat for the moral portrait.

ARCHÆOLOGICAL DISCOVERY IN TRANSYLVANIA. The National Museum at Buda-Pesth (or, rather, to be exact, at Pesth) is at the moment rejoicing over a great find acquired during the last few days. It is not yet exhibited to the public, but, thanks to the kindly courtesy of Herr Pulsky, the Director of the museum, I was favoured with a sight of this remarkable find. As to how it was found, when, and exactly where, the Director was reticent; but the place was in Transylvania—at Szilagy, Somlo. The find consists of three gold cups, as Herr Pulsky described them; perchance "bowls" will give to English minds a better idea of their shape. These are of good plain gold, but decorated within at the bottom with ornamental work and coloured stones, measuring some three to four inches across and two to three inches in depth. One remarkably good armlet was also found, and no less than ten pairs of most richly designed and ornamented fibulae. The Professor described these as being of Barbaric, Roman, and Christian ornamentation. Those described as Christian bear the form of the Cross embodied in the rich decoration. Some of these are six to seven inches in length. One great fibula is very massive, of an oval shape, and enriched with stones, such as cornelian and garnets, and one bit of green glass. All the fibulae are jewelled in this manner, and the delicate and effective designs of the whole series made one curious as to further particulars of their date, origin, and the whole circumstances respecting their find; but for this we must wait until they are properly described by Herr Pulsky and his colleagues.

The whole of this museum at Pesth, that is, the pre-historic portions, are of the highest value and interest, but not much known to the general English public. One strange find, that has been most carefully preserved as discovered, is the body of the man of the Stone Age, lying with knees drawn up and head resting upon his hands, his necklace of shells from the Red Sea still lying about his neck, and near him and around him obsidian knives and stone hammer; this was found two years ago in South Hungary. The whole collections of the Stone, Bronze, and Iron Ages are well arranged, and strikingly remarkable, even after the famous museum at Copenhagen; and one can only regret, with Herr Pulsky, that the Hungarian Government cannot find him the funds wherewith to obtain a fitting home for the almost numberless objects of interest now stored away out of sight. Perhaps it will not be out of place to mention that on closed days strangers can see this museum by paying half a gulden for admission. J. B.

At a meeting of the Faculty of Advocates held in Edinburgh the Right Hon. J. B. Balfour has been, on the motion of the Solicitor-General, seconded by Mr. Guthrie Smith, unanimously appointed Dean of the Faculty.

Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, Bart., and Mr. Edward North Buxton have presented to the London Corporation fifteen acres of land at Theydon Bois, called the Oak Hill inclosure, and henceforth it will be added to the area of Epping Forest.

The Court of Common Council have voted £5000, payable in five annual instalments, towards the Lord Mayor's fund for equipping the Volunteers. Before any public appeal has been made the Lord Mayor's Fund for the Equipment of the Metropolitan Volunteer Forces has reached the sum of £18,000. The public will shortly be asked to make up the sum to £100,000, necessary for the complete carrying out of the scheme.

THE NATIONAL PICTURES.

After many years of anxious waiting the catalogue of the pictures of foreign schools in the National Gallery has at length been issued, and it would, perhaps, be ungenerous to cavil at the reasons Sir F. Burton assigns for the delay. Of greater importance, too, is the fact that even now we have no complete catalogue of the contents of the building in Trafalgar-square. The pictures of the English school are given in a separate volume; whilst the water-colours, and other real or supposed treasures, half-hidden from the sight of men in the vaults and elsewhere, still remain to be catalogued, or, at all events, to be brought to the notice of students. In the newly-issued volume, however, it must be allowed that Sir F. Burton has managed to give in a comparatively small compass the epitome of each painter's life, and in a way which will challenge comparison with the catalogues of all other national collections, that of Berlin not excepted.

As a rule there can be no source of information more misleading to the student than the "official" catalogue which is purveyed by the keepers of picture galleries, public and private; and nowhere do we find the claims of imposture more readily condoned and approved. In both these respects the new catalogue is a noteworthy exception. Sir F. Burton is a conscientious compiler and a stern critic. He will not glorify our national collection at the expense of truth; and works which, in the previous editions of the catalogue, were unhesitatingly ascribed to great masters are now either relegated to their respective "schools" or are attributed to comparatively little-known painters. In some instances, it is possible, experts will think that the Keeper of the National Gallery has carried his scepticism beyond healthful limits, and will hold that the traditional authorship of certain pictures is as worthy of credence as the results of our modern scientific analysis.

A far more serious cause of complaint has been found in the pedantry of a work of which the form and price alike point to popular circulation. The catalogue is essentially intended for general instruction, and it is absurd to imagine that the majority of those for whose use it is intended belong to that highly-cultured class who call Raffaelle, Sanzio; Tintoretto, Robusti; or Sebastian Del Piombo, Luciano. In fact, in many cases, Sir F. Burton allows the popular title to take precedence of the family name; so that not even apparent uniformity is obtained by this affectation.

In conclusion, we can only express our regret that a book so coarsely printed and on such inferior paper should have been allowed to appear under official authority. However carefully Sir F. Burton might do his work, it was obvious from its very nature that errors, chiefly of type, would creep in here and there. If her Majesty's Stationery Office were under the control of anyone conversant with the rudiments of the art of publishing, a few hundred copies of the catalogue would have been put into circulation, and the notes and queries of amateur critics would have enabled the editor to correct typographical and other blunders. The repetition of this process would probably have resulted in an absolutely correct guide, instead of a volume, distinctly issued "by authority," which contains several important and more trivial mistakes.

The compilation of the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery, just issued under the authority of the trustees, has obviously been a labour of love to the Director, Mr. George Scharf. In many respects the work allotted to him was easier than that of the Director of the National Gallery; and there is greater scope for historical allusion and pleasant anecdote when speaking of one's fellow-countrymen than when dealing with the imaginative productions of bygone centuries and far-off lands. Mr. Scharf has adopted the very sensible plan of giving his catalogue in the alphabetical order of the persons represented, whilst Sir F. Burton was obviously forced to follow the order of the artists' names. It is, therefore, easy for students of history—and by them, we believe, the National Portrait Gallery will always be most held in high esteem—to find out at a glance what is most prominent in the life of any distinguished person whose portrait is exhibited in our national collection, where other portraits are to be found, and often what pleasant saying or act is on record concerning the object of his interest, and in what way he was mixed up with the history of his time. In the form of an appendix is given a brief biography of each artist whose work is represented in the gallery.

If anything could reconcile us to the temporary banishment of our National Portraits to Bethnal-green it is the thought that the comparative leisure thus given to the Director has enabled him to produce a work which will permanently associate his name with the collection he has been the means of bringing together. The taste and tact which are required for such a post must be equally balanced; for one can guess how many portraits have been offered for acceptance and for purchase which were neither "national" nor "artistic." And we may guess, too, how much discretion is required to decline such offers without offending those who make them. If, however, the two requisite qualities had not been present in the Director we may be certain that we should not at this time be in the possession of a collection of National Portraits which some still unnamed benefactor thinks worthy of a home.

In conclusion, we should add that the catalogue of the National Portrait Gallery is printed on good paper, in excellent type, and, so far as we can discover, free from errors: but then it did not issue from her Majesty's Stationery Office.

There being now a balance of £4350 in hand upon the Grimsby Fishermen's Widows and Orphans Fund, it has been resolved to form a permanent society for the relief of the widows and orphans of the Grimsby fishermen, the money to be invested for that purpose. A scheme of insurance on behalf of the men is also being arranged.

A new edition of "Letts's Popular Atlas," published by Messrs. Mason and Payne, 41, Cornhill, and Messrs. Hutchinson and Co., Paternoster-square, presents many valuable additions and improvements, though we have, by constant use during six years past, found ample reason to commend the Atlas produced in 1883 by Messrs. Letts, Son, and Co. (Limited), of King William-street. The form of the volume is different, with larger pages, each map occupying, with few exceptions, a single page. All the plates have been thoroughly revised, many considerably altered, and new maps inserted. Among these new ones are nine of the western part of the United States of America; a two-sheet map of Equatorial Africa, showing the most recent discoveries; and a new one of South Africa. There is also a chart of Astronomical Geography. Important countries have not only a general map of each, but maps of the portions on a very large scale—six for England and Wales, four for Ireland, three for Scotland, twelve for India, nineteen for the United States, four for Canada, as many for Australia, and a liberal provision for the countries of Europe. The plans of capital cities are very interesting. Much useful statistical information is printed in letter-press on waste spaces. An entirely new index, on a most convenient plan, has been furnished to this excellent work.

A JUNE HEDGEROW.

Though it be true that—

Now the mother of the rose
Bright June, leads on the glowing hours,

it is not in stately garden or fairyland of glass that just now we will study the innumerable varieties of highly-developed and costly beauty of the flowers which are the fair month's children. Roses shall be our chief theme, but such as owe nothing to the gardener's skill. Yet shall this June morning perhaps equal any other, though it be seen in most homely and rustic guise. Here is a green lane winding from a breezy furze-clad common, past woodlands and fields of mingled aspect to an ancient highroad, where never now the wheels of the mail coaches raise a cloud of dust to whiten the hedge-rows. All lanes more or less, if they be worthy of their name, have something of the contemplative about them. One loves to wander in these secluded paths which lead to nowhere in particular in a frame of mind much akin to the surroundings. Even such far echoes of the world as Cowper wished to hear from some "loophole of retreat" are out of keeping here with the exquisite hush which broods over our special lane.

But in their place—if the space be briefest, yet it is most grateful—are melodies which do not spoil but intensify the general quietude. For song of bird and hum of bee, rustle of leaf and continuous tinkle of the tiny stream which threads its way through the wood that bounds one side, "make music to the lonely ear." Two hedgerows, thick and lofty, shut in the curving road which runs on one side past the slumberous wood, full of oak and ash, with here and there a chestnut, magnificent in fine green leaves and spikes pyramidal of white and red flowers, and on the other by fields whose bloom and perfume mingle in unspeakable perfection. But chiefly of the great hedgerow which bounds them would we speak as eloquent of June. "Mother of the rose" she is here indeed—the simple flower which, centuries ago, with its neighbours the sloe and crab-apple, was familiar to our remote predecessors long ere horticulture was ever dreamed of. Pause here, where these three bars mark the entrance to the wood, and look right and left.

The winding lane shuts in the gaze on either side, but the vision is one of most entrancing beauty. "Roses, roses everywhere," as Browning sings—tiny, humble blossoms enough in comparison with their garden relatives; but with a beauty all their own. They wreath, veil, and festoon the long expanse of wildly-luxuriant hedge-row with pinkness; and what simile more vividly expresses that exquisite English complexion—so rare yet so peerless—than that of "wild-rose bloom"? The profusion of pink-white petals bewilders the eye as the soft wind stirs them, in itself bringing such perfume as is unmatched anywhere from the bean-field in full blossom which lies behind, next to one of purple clover, which is alive with the innumerable hum of the bees. A bank runs under the hedge of this far-off, secluded lane, and in dark, perilous beauty of blossom and glossy verdure of leaf here and there grows the deadly nightshade, while the homely odour of the wild-thyme suggests its healthy contrast. Trailing from the high hedgetop and wreathing downwards to the bank the honeysuckles dispute pre-eminence with the dog-roses; and the elderflower-bushes at intervals gleam white, while the odour like the Frontignac our forefathers loved is diffused around them. In this corner where we stand, shaded and cool, the wild hyacinths are always found; and on the broad green surface of the unused track, with sparse trace of hoof or wheels, the meadow-sweet will, later, in some favoured spots, show its blossom.

Behind us, where the tiny stream widens and irrigates the soil under a pair of beeches such as Tityrus had loved, the earliest lilies of the valley open their bells, and in front all along the hedge the cuckoo-pint is seen. Towards the lane's ending, at the ancient coach-road, is a broad field of green wheat aglow in all directions with flaming poppies, and reminding one of Cowley's phrase that they are scattered over the fields of corn that all the needs of man may be satisfied, and that bread and sleep may be found together. And far distant in the wood, is heard the drowsy cooing of the wood-pigeons, one of which from time to time flaps in and out of the trees, as though well aware, wariest of birds, we have no gun to-day. Nor is the cuckoo's far off call wanting with that peculiar reduplication of the first syllable which constitutes its altered note in June as the old country rhyme has it—

Then in June another tune,
And then she flies away;

though, by-the-way, like the nightingale, the bird is wrongly poetically styled "she," the male being the one who utters the familiar cry. Thrushes flute everywhere, and from an "immemorial elm," which rises majestic in mid hedge,

With powerful throat,

The deep-toned blackbird tunes his cheerful note;

and, of the larger birds, the blackbird is certainly the cheeriest in the character of his song. That shyest of creatures, the landrail, which has an insuperable objection, (save as a last resort, before a pertinacious dog) to take to its wings, creeps out from the clover-field into the lane, her brood behind her, all crouching snake-headed, and swiftly running behind their mother, of which—except in plumage, for they are much darker when young than the reddish-brown adults—they are amusing little copies in every way. A partridge and her chicks come through a gap higher up, and run across the grass into the deep ditch that leads into the wood.

High in air over the centre of the greenest lane-path, motionless but for the occasional fanning of the air with swift wings—the habit which gives the bird one of those expressive rural names which so admirably describe them—is a kestrel, with keenest eyes watching for the tiniest morsel which may show itself on the space below. Up and down the trees which tower above the hedge on the wood's side the squirrels run continually, and their bright eyes from some lofty bough look calmly into the placid lane, though a human intruder is there. The sun gleams tremulously, through a myriad waving branches, on the stream—a mere glittering thread—which runs the whole length of the wood, here and there dimpling deeper round mossy hollows which, in autumn, are the woodcocks' favourite haunts. But with all the charms around, one returns in contemplation to the magnificent hedgerow—never seen on farms where science and utility have banished the picturesque—which runs the length of the odorous fields. It is, behind its screen of roses which so numerously attest June's beauty, a colony of birds; for here nest all hedge-builders, secure from wandering urchin's predatory hand, the loneliness of this green lane being a wholesome deterrent. Among such nests, be sure, the wren's domed home—which she so curiously matches with the leafy surroundings of the particular spot she selects—is conspicuous. But the thick profusion of leaf and blossom now hides all the hedge's contents; and, indeed, one asks no more at present than to study its outward show of rose-wreathed glory as the wind sways the forest of bloom with gentlest caresses under the June sunshine.

And all is ecstasy, for now
The valley holds its feast of roses.

F. G. W.

A SUMMER CRUISE TO NORWAY.

"To Norway—to Norway—to Norway over the foam!" The romantic old Scotch ballad, with this artless refrain, sings itself in the ear or the heart of the English passenger on board the steam-yacht Victoria, bound, in June, on a sixteen days' cruise, for pleasure, across the North Sea, to the Fjords of that wonderful coast; and in July, after her return to England, starting again for a longer cruise, of twenty-five days, to the remoter Land of the Midnight Sun, and to the North Cape of the Continent of Europe, 300 miles beyond the

straits, cutting up the whole region, to the north and south and east, with intricate ramifications, offers the most attractive variety of scenery, and is the most easily accessible by a sea-going steamer. Its average width is about three miles; but its chief branches, the Eid Fjord, the Sör Fjord (South Fjord), the Ose Fjord, and Ulvik Fjord—especially those last named—are much narrower, having more the aspect of large rivers. The entire region of these inland waters, presenting a channel of navigation from Terö to Odde, at the head of the Sör Fjord, of about seventy miles, besides the easterly and northerly inlets, is shut in from the seacoast by ranges of huge mountains, and by a vast glacier, the Folgefond, covering hundreds of square miles with perpetual ice and snow. Yet the recesses of the Hardanger Fjord abound in beautiful scenes of soft and delightful verdure, protected by massive rocky hills, peaks, and cliffs, of diverse shapes, between and around which the waters have found their way in almost every direction. Streams rush down from the mountainsides, here and there forming cascades, plung-

ing into deep wooded glens, or pausing in small lakes, where the visitor would gladly linger. The great cataracts of the Skjæggdalsfoss, also called the Ringedalsfoss, near Odde, having a fall of 530 ft., with the adjacent Ringedalsvand lake, which is seven miles long, 1500 ft. above the sea-level, and the Vöringfoss, near Vik, at the head of the Eid Fjord, where the water falls 700 ft. perpendicularly, are unsurpassed in Europe. Instead of three days, the time allowed by the steamer, one would need three weeks to see the beauties and wonders of the Hardanger Fjord and the neighbouring district alone.

Going out, however, from this enchanting sequestered earthly Paradise of mingled highlands and waters, the tourists are conveyed to the fine old seaport town of Bergen, which stands, behind sheltering islands, almost encircled by steep hills, on the shores of its harbour and of two pretty little lakes; a town eight centuries old, one of the members of the rich Hanseatic League in the Middle Ages, and preserving signs of antiquity, while thriving and lively at this day. Here one may find, in the public museums and libraries, good store of historical memorials concerning the ancient Kingdom of Norway; and several old churches are worthy to be visited. A railway, sixty-six miles in length, with very slow trains, but running through a district of picturesque views in continued succession, with innumerable tunnels, conveys the traveller to Vossevangen, which is an inland town north of the Hardanger Fjord, and could as easily be reached by the road from Eide or Ulvik. It is situated at the east end of a pleasant lake.

The Sogne Fjord, about fifty miles north of Bergen, in latitude 61 deg., is the largest and deepest arm of the sea on this coast, penetrating the country more than a hundred miles; it is four miles wide, and, in some places, 4000 ft. deep. Its aspect is more rugged and sombre than that of the Hardanger Fjord. The immense Jostedal glacier overlooks it on the north side, and mounts 5000 or 6000 ft. high, with bare rocky sides, arise everywhere around; there is little woodland or meadow. Its most important southern branch is the Aurland Fjord, with the Nærø Fjord, leading to Gudvangen. The Lærdal and Aardal districts, to the east, are noted for the salmon-fishing



BOUDOIR CONCERT.

limit of the Arctic Circle. Later voyages to the Fjords are performed in August.

There can be no more refreshing experience, for those jaded with business or study or the worry of London life, or depressed by the closeness and heaviness of the atmosphere in any of our towns, than this Norwegian trip, which can now be performed in luxurious comfort. The Victoria, a fine vessel of 1804 tons register, with engines of 1500-horse power, belonging to the Port of London, is built and fitted with all the latest improvements. She has a speed of fourteen and a half knots an hour, is steered by steam, is water-ballasted, and is an exceptionally good sea-boat. Carrying neither mails nor cargo, her owners have attended to every detail of provision for the convenience of passengers. All the upper-deck cabins, and several of those on the saloon deck aft, are occupied each by one person; in the largest cabins two persons only are berthed, and no berth is over another; every berth is laid fore and aft, and has four drawers beneath it, with all the conveniences found in a private yacht. In the centre of the vessel, comparatively free from disturbing movements, are the saloon and the ladies' boudoir, elegantly panelled with different coloured marbles, and handsomely furnished. There is also a large general drawing-room, with a piano, a library, and a smoking-saloon. The vessel is lighted throughout by electricity, and is fitted with electric bells. Passengers may take any reasonable quantity of luggage, and bring home, free of cost, any articles purchased in Norway, except live animals, or goods packed in large and heavy cases, or such as would make the vessel liable to payment of port dues. An experienced medical officer is on board, whose services are free of charge. Of course, there is a competent and attentive stewardess. Captain R. D. Lunham, the commander of the Victoria, has a high reputation for skill and care and knowledge of this navigation.

Our Artist's Sketches of a few incidents and scenes on board the steam-yacht present inviting conditions. The "Boudoir Concert," with the performance of amateur vocalists, may be contrasted with the placid reposing figure of an elderly man,

"Asleep in the Smoking-room," whose book has not proved



ASLEEP IN THE SMOKING-ROOM.

in their rivers, which flow down from the Fille Fjeld and the Jötun Fjeld; the Vettifoss cataract, above Aardal, is also celebrated. But the Nærø Fjord presents the grandest views of its kind in Europe; and some features of the valley beyond, the Nærø Dal, are not excelled by any in Switzerland or the Tyrol.

The steam-yacht, proceeding as far northward as Molde, and passing up the Stor Fjord, will also enter the Geiranger Fjord, which is famous for its waterfalls, the "Seven Sisters" and others. Molde, where letters from England may be received at the post-office, is a pretty and agreeable little town, in latitude 62 deg. north, but with a climate as mild as the west of Scotland. The hill called the Moldehei, 1350 ft. high, is worth ascending by a steep path for the sake of magnificent land and sea views. These include the mountains of Romsdal, seen afar beyond the opposite shore, to which the steamer will next day convey its passengers; and there will a couple of days be well spent in enjoying some of the finest scenery in Norway.

In passing up the coast, from one Fjord to another, the navigation is always calm and quiet, being under the shelter of islands; the steamer only goes out into the open sea once, to get round Stadtland. We cannot answer for the tranquillity of the North Atlantic Ocean during the voyage home.



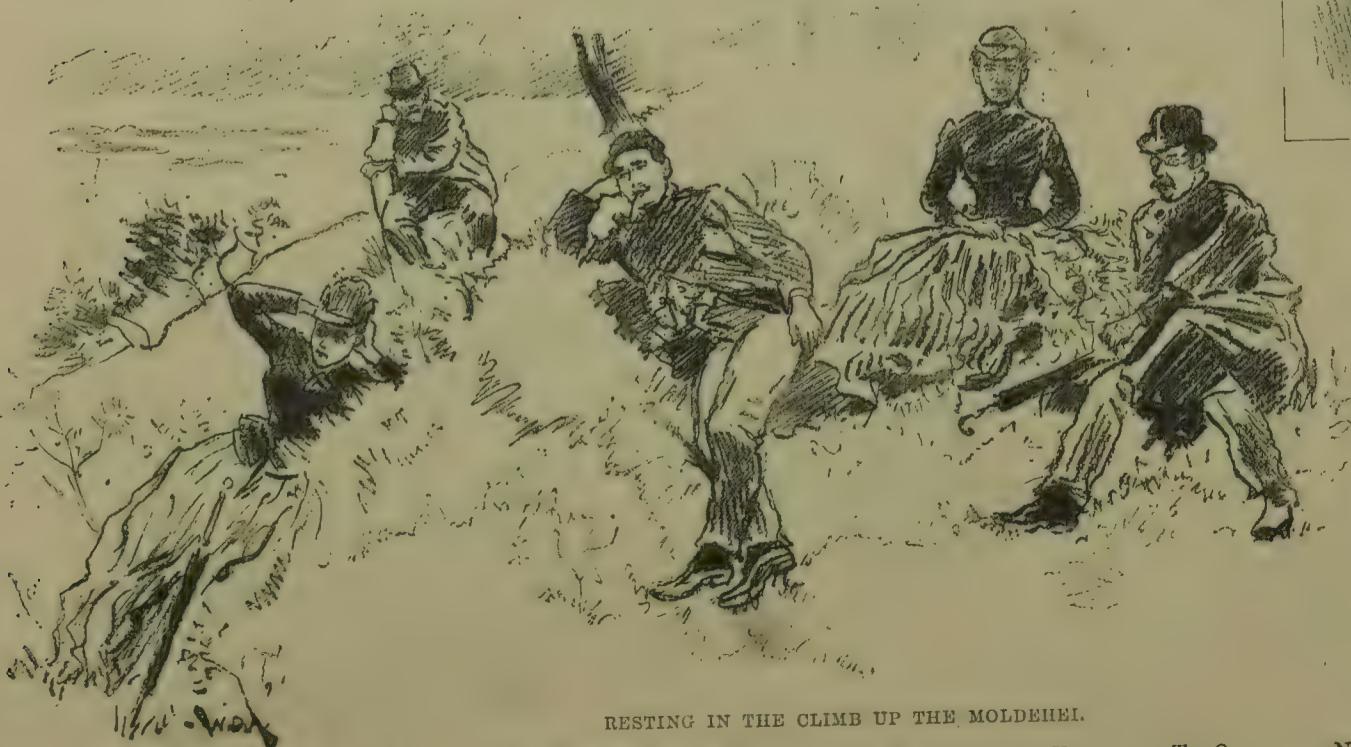
OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.



"DOLCE FAR NIENTE."



A WOMAN OF VOSS.



RESTING IN THE CLIMB UP THE MOLDEHEI.



BABY.



ADMIRING THE VIEW.



PEASANT'S WIFE.



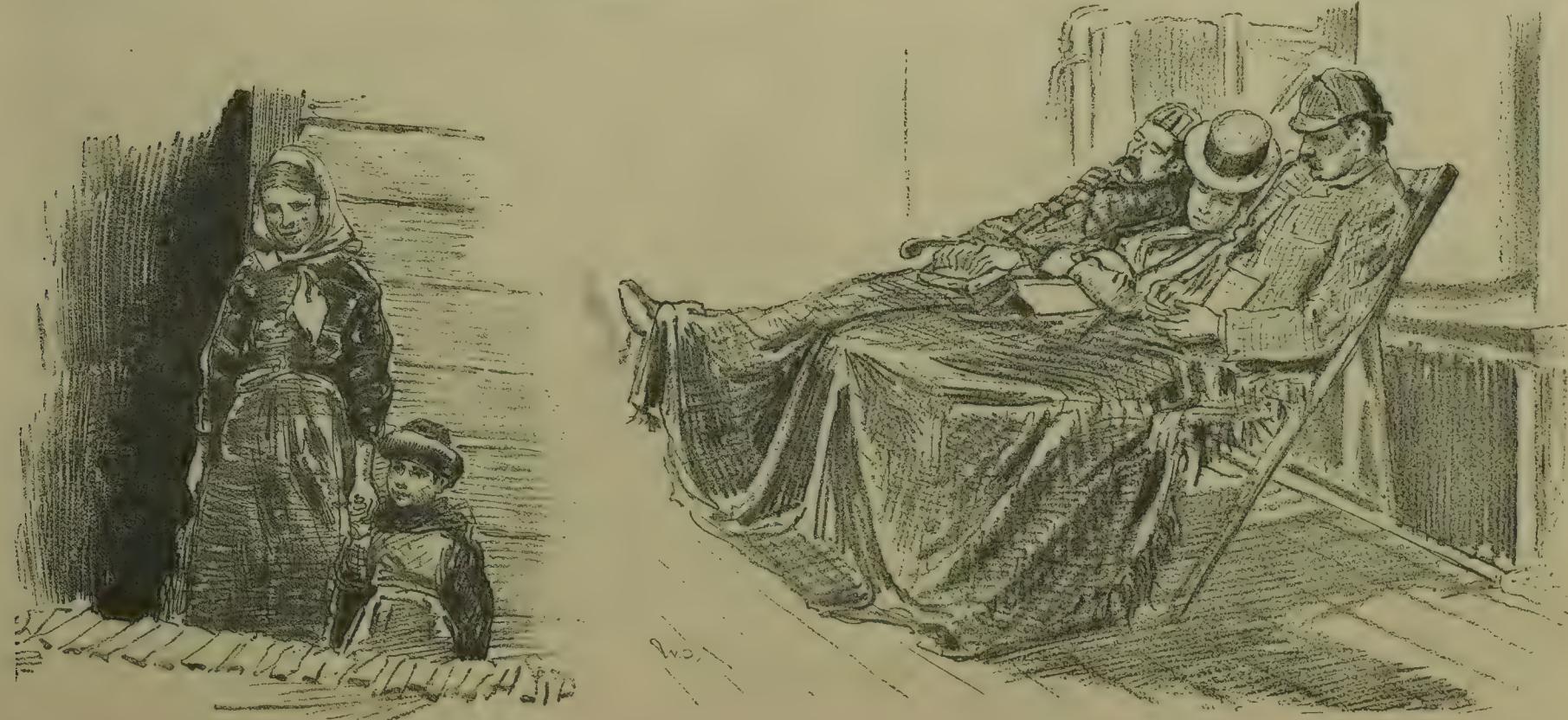
ONE OF OUR PARTY.



PLAYING REVERSE.



A MAID OF NORWAY.



ASLEEP IN THE SUN.

CHILDREN AT ODDE.

A SUMMER CRUISE TO NORWAY.

MÜRRREN.

The toilers in great cities are of all sorts and conditions of men, differing, it may be, the one from the other in almost every particular, yet alike in the one great longing for fresh air and rest which comes over them at this season of the year. "Where can we go? What will it cost?" are questions of no moment to many of the toilers, whose only consideration is, "How much time can be spared, and how much can be done in the time?" But to the majority, who have to consider the best way of spending each sovereign, these questions are of the utmost importance.

It matters not to which of these classes we belong; suffice it to say we had an intense longing to spend our holiday in Mürren. So with this object in view we took our tickets to Thun, trusting to chance information as to the method and expense of getting to our destination. Just as in England strangers, desirous of being friendly, address their neighbours with remarks about the weather, so, in like manner, as soon as you put your foot in the Bernese Oberland the question addressed to the traveller is sure to be "*Gehen Sie nach Mürren?*" ("Are you going to Mürren?") Supposing, however, that the traveller wishes to go to Mürren it is next to impossible to get any reliable information.

After resting at Thun we went on to the Hôtel Belvedere at Interlaken. Addressing the landlord as to the means of reaching Mürren, and as to the distance between the two places, his answer was clear and to the purpose:—

"It is an hour-and-a-half carriage-drive from here to Lauterbrunnen, and two-hours-and-a-half steep climbing for horses or mules from Lauterbrunnen up to Mürren. Take a carriage with two horses from here; at Lauterbrunnen the coachman will take the horses out and saddle them, and you two ladies will ride up the mountain-path; a third horse, or two men will convey the luggage. The expense will be forty francs for the carriage, twelve francs for the luggage, five francs for the coachman, and a small "trinkgeld" besides—making in all sixty francs."

It seemed a large sum for a drive and a ride of less than four miles; but at the end of the journey we had no doubt that it was quite worth it. We started from Interlaken at nine o'clock in the morning favoured by lovely weather, with the snow-mountains all around us. One after the other came out clearly—the Breithorn, the Wetterhorn, and the Jungfrau; the last wrapping herself about with thin vapoury clouds so that her beauty was ever changing. The charm of the drive was increased by the Lutschina running rapidly by with that peculiar colour characteristic of mountain streams.

Arrived at Lauterbrunnen we came upon a very animated scene: carriages and horses, coachmen and carriers, ladies and gentlemen waiting to make the ascent, or having just come down, all talking in various languages, and the whole accompanied by the music of the graceful Staubach falls, whose spray looked like dust scattered before the wind. Our luggage was divided and given to two men, who had it bound to their backs, and, not waiting for us, they began the ascent at once. The heavy carriage-horses being saddled, we started on our way. It was wonderful to see these creatures clambering up the steep, stony footpath. It was at times difficult to keep one's seat, so perpendicular and rough was the way; and yet they never failed to choose the softest and most secure places to put their hoofs on, even when they were found on the very brink of the precipice.

Here we are, in Mürren, above the clouds, in the clouds, under the clouds, all by turn; but in the midst of the most wonderful panorama, including the Wengern Alp, the Eiger, the Black Monk, and the Silberhorn, and, as the centre and delight of the whole, the Jungfrau, using the giant form of the Black Monk as a pedestal, and below us lies the pleasant Lauterbrunnen valley, brightened and made glad by the river Lutschina. The Jungfrau seems larger and more imposing the nearer she is approached, and then, as if on purpose, the Silberhorn dazzles one so with its purity and beauty that it is scarcely possible to raise the eyes either to her or to the Jungfrau.

Surely this is the loveliest spot in the Bernese Oberland! The snow mountains are so close that it is possible to see the smallest movement on them; so close, indeed, that it seems quite easy to throw a stone at them. Nor is this all. It is the wonderful effect of sun and cloud upon these majestic snow-white mountains: calm and placid, they are transformed as if by magic into glorious life and beauty by the rays of the sun, and for a real understanding of the line "Let no earth-born cloud arise to hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes," stand by us and see the cloud, thin and half-transparent at first, blot out in a few moments the entire view of the mountains before us. The walks, the flowers, the waterfalls!—who can hope to explain their beauty and variety?

It is not long ago that Mürren was quite unknown as a place where one could spend a holiday, and the utmost that could be offered to anyone adventurous enough to climb up to it was milk, coarse bread, and perhaps a mattress. To-day it possesses hotels not to be surpassed in Europe for comfort, and the number of people of all nations who take advantage of them is very great. In the Grand Hôtel, Mürren, alone, ten thousand sought accommodation between May and October of last year.

It was the proprietor of this hotel who introduced Mürren to the world as a health-resort, and made it possible to dwell up there. In 1858 he built an inn (the Silberhorn), which he added to in 1870, and so successful was he in his venture that in 1879 he built an east and a west wing, together with a magnificent dining-room. A second hotel, somewhat higher, was built in 1873 by Herr Gürtnner, called Hôtel des Alpes. The difficulty of building two such hotels must have been enormous—every brick had to be brought up on men's backs at a large expense.

The carriage for food, and the long distance it has to be brought, makes living here a little more expensive than in other places; but very reasonable terms for pension can be made with the hotel proprietors if the visitor stays a week or longer. Nothing is omitted that can give comfort and pleasure to the guests. A good English physician resides in the Hôtel de Mürren during the season: there are a post and a telegraph office outside the hotel, and a good library and piano within its walls. Above all, there is a beautiful English church, built at the joint expense of English and American visitors and the hotel proprietors. The ornamental texts round it are very appropriate, "O ye ice and snow bless ye the Lord, praise Him, and magnify Him for ever"; "O ye mountains and hills bless ye the Lord," &c.

Mürren stands very high—5348 ft. above the sea. It consists of about forty wooden huts, with a population of some 300. These people are simple, kind-hearted, and very industrious. They are very thankful to the visitors for the use of their church on Sunday afternoons during the season, which saves them the long walk down to Lauterbrunnen.

No one leaves this beautiful mountain village without regret, nor without a desire to come again in the company of those they love. The sick go away well, the weary go away rested—thanks to beautiful Mürren.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

C BROWN (New York).—Permit a retirement to the asylum in question would permit you to notice that Q to Kt 8th gives mate in answer to Kt takes R.

J H TODD (New York).—Thanks for interesting particulars. We have carried out your wishes regarding article and letter, and shall communicate with you by post shortly.

MRS W J BAIRD.—Thanks; a casual inspection of the problem favourably impresses us, and we trust it will stand examination.

COLUMBUS.—We meant to say that the problem had sufficient merit to make it worthy of further consideration, which will be given in due course.

W BIDDLE.—Your problem is a clever specimen of an unsatisfactory class. In two moves it is very undesirable to limit Black's play to King moves only.

J MARTIN (Southport).—No; each player moves as he thinks fit. Of course, in the openings certain moves are considered best; but if a player thinks fit to depart from them he is quite at liberty to do so. A weaker player ought to accept odds, and learn to attack and defend with equal skill. Otherwise a better player is always the better.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2351 received from Charles Etherington and W Harris; of No. 2352 from W F Bind and F Ryder; of No. 2353 from A Greely, E R E, Bernard Reynolds, E Bohmstedt, W F B, Joseph T Pullen, A W Hamilton Gell, Sergeant Gordon, and Dame Jane.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM NO. 2354 received from Mrs W J Baird, Julia Short (Exeter), Mrs Kelly (Lifton), Thomas Chown, W Biddle, A W Hamilton Gell, W R Railton, Bernard Reynolds, E Loudon, Fr Fernando (Dublin), Charles Worrall, Jupiter Junior, E Casella (Paris), Martin F, J Dixon (Colchester), Dawn, Dr F St, J Codd, T G (Ware), Rev Winfield Cooper, Columbus, R F N Banks, R Worlers (Canterbury), J Ross (Whitley), W F B Shadforth, T Roberts, S Mahoney, L K De Fries (Grouse), H S B (Shooper's Hill), Ruby Rook, Hereward, J Hepworth Shaw, J D Tucker (Leeds), J T W, E E H Joseph, T Pullen (Launceston), R V Waldron, G J Vale, Thomas Pattinson (Waterfoot), Rev J Gostrem (Reims), Dame John, Dr Waltz (Heidelberg), A Greely, E R Elsby, C E Perugini, E S Nisbett, FitzWalter, J Holden Vickers, E Bohmstedt, Ernest G Paul (Tulsehill), Monty, H S Player, A H Martin, Herbert Taylor, T R Adecock, N Newman (Yeovil), Arthur A Gompertz, O J Gibbs, L Desanges, A Foxall, and R H Brooks.

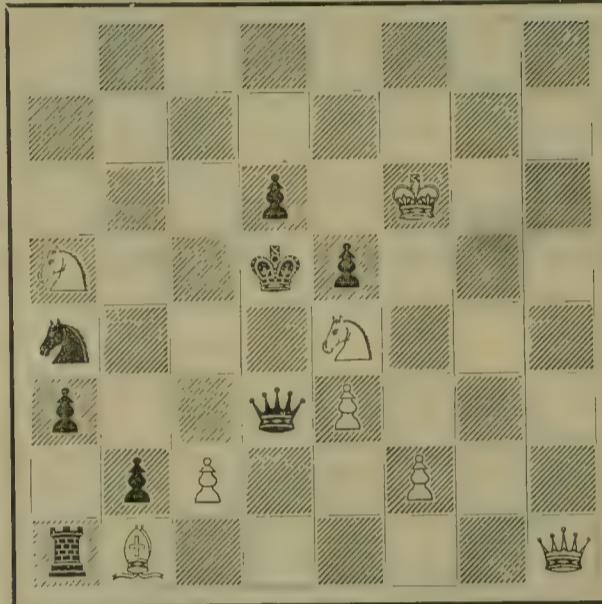
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 2352.—By J. W. ABBOTT.

WHITE.	BLACK.
1. Kt to B 8th	K moves
2. Q to B 2nd	K moves
3. Q mates.	

PROBLEM NO. 2356.

By W. HEITZMAN.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

THE INTERNATIONAL CHESS CONGRESS.

Game played between Messrs. GUNNSBERG and W. H. POLLOCK.

(Queen's Flanchet Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)	WHITE (Mr. P.)	BLACK (Mr. G.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q 3rd	13. P to K 4th	Q takes B
2. P to Q 4th	B to K 2nd	14. Q Kt to Q 2nd	Castles K R
3. B to Q 3rd	Q Kt to B 3rd		
4. P to Q B 3rd	P to K 4th		
5. P to Q 5th			
6. Kt to K 2nd			
This enables Black to break White's centre at once. The Q P ought to have been defended by P to Q B 4th; or, perhaps, the more attacking move of P to K B 4th is better.			
7. Castles	P takes P	15. Kt to K Kt 5th	R to K B 4th
8. B takes P	Kt to K B 3rd	16. Q takes R P (ch)	
9. Kt to K Kt 3rd	Kt takes B		
10. Kt takes Kt			
White has now lost a Pawn without an equivalent in position.			
11. B takes Q P		18. P takes R	Q takes P
12. Q to R 5th (ch)	Kt to K Kt 3rd	19. P to K 3rd	K to B 2nd
13. B to K Kt 5th	B to K 2nd	20. Q to K 3rd	It to K R sq
14. B takes B		21. P to K B 4th	Kt takes P
We should have preferred Q Kt to Q 2nd. If then B takes B, Kt takes B, wining a move.		22. R takes Kt (ch)	P takes R
		23. Q takes P (ch)	K to Kt 3rd
		24. Kt to K 4th	P takes P
			Decisive. Black has played throughout a brilliant game.
		25. R to K sq	Q to R 5th
		26. Kt to B 2nd	Q to R 8th (ch)
		27. Kt takes Q	R takes Kt,
			Mates.

The following are the prize-winners and their scores in the great American Chess Congress just concluded:—

1. and 2. Max Weiss and M. Tschigorin tie with 29 games won and 9 lost each.	28½	9½
3. J. Gunsberg	27	11
4. J. H. Blackburne	26	12
5. Amos Burn	25½	12½
6. S. Lipschutz	21	17

The tourney has proved to be the largest on record, and considering the exhausting character of two months' arduous play, the scores of the leaders are exceedingly good. The fact that only two points separate the first four on the list clearly proves how little is the difference between them in point of merit, and it would therefore be invidious to make comparisons. Max Weiss undoubtedly owes his place to the remarkable cautiousness of his play, which until he met Blackburne in the second round had preserved him so far from a single defeat. Tschigorin's power of endurance stood him in good stead; and the same may be said of Gunsberg, who, playing at one time under serious difficulties, came in at the finish with a rush. Blackburne disappointed his English admirers by the uneven quality of his games, one or two of them being amongst the finest on record, whilst in others the master's hand was scarcely discernible at any point. His provoking defeats by some of the weakest players deprived him of what might have been a fitting climax to a famous chess career. Perhaps these were due to his unhappy differences with the committee, of which a version has been sent us, which represents his treatment by it as not altogether consistent with English notions of fairplay.

Burn, at one time, looked a likely candidate for premier honours; but a bad beginning and a bad ending spoilt his chance. Lipschutz is the only local player who got placed, and he deserves every credit for the stubborn fight he made with the leaders. His game in the first round with Blackburne will be a memorable one, and it speaks much for his pluck that he turned the tables on his opponent at the second time of asking. Mason's position is rather lower than might have been looked for from his known abilities.

One result of the tourney is to enhance, if it were possible, the reputation of Steinitz. By all the rules of public form, he stands easily at the head of living chessplayers; and when it is considered his recently unsuccessful opponent, notwithstanding the strain of the Havana match, now leads the prize winners, the greatness of his skill becomes manifest. A more flattering demonstration of it would be hard to find.

The Winter Tournament of the City Club resulted in the victory of an outsider, Mr. Lucien Serrailleur, who did not lose a single game in the course of the contest. Mr. C. H. Kenning was second and Mr. A. C. Smith third.

An excellent programme of music was well rendered by the pupils of the Royal Normal College for the Blind on the occasion of their annual prize festival at the Crystal Palace on May 25.

THE PARIS EXHIBITION.

Among the Exhibition buildings specially constructed for the display of articles belonging to official Departments of the French Government, that of the Ministry of War is one of the most imposing character. It is the opinion, however, of some critics of the architectural design, which is shown in our Illustration, that it ought rather to have presented some tokens of the more recent developments of military art and science. The architect, M. Walvein, has not attempted to indicate, by any features of the exterior, the contemporary practices and appliances of warfare. But he has produced a good example of the grand style of building that prevailed at the beginning of the reign of Louis XIV., which was historically the prelude to a vast extension of French military ambition. The upper part of the building has 10 windows, being one long gallery lighted from the roof; and there is an aspect of blankness and heaviness in this immense wall-space above the arcades. The central entrance doorway, with its lofty columns and decorated arch, has a stately effect. The sculptured trophies on each of the two end towers, as well as their architraves, and the helmets which adorn the summit of each portal, are generally approved. To the left hand is a specimen of fourteenth-century military architecture—the gate of an ancient fortress, with flanking round towers, loopholes, and battlements, and with a portcullis, moat, and drawbridge.

In the immense Machinery Hall of the Exhibition, which we have described, visitors are quickly transported from one end of the building to the other, at a charge of 50c., by the aid of the "ponts roulants," one of which is seen working in our Illustration. It is a platform on wheels, 18 metres or 60 ft. long, and 15 ft. wide, carrying about 150 passengers, which travels on rails, at each end of the moving bridge, along the space between two elevated railways, supported on iron pillars. The distance traversed is 300 metres, which is 328 yards. No apparatus of locomotive power or of traction is visible. It seems wonderful that the vehicle should run apparently by itself; but in the hollow pillars beneath the rails are conducting wires from powerful generators of electric force, which act by contact with some apparatus concealed in the frame of the "pont roulant," as it passes along. The system of Messrs. Mégy, Echeverria, and Bazan, is employed in one instance, and that of Messrs. Bon and Lustremen in the other. The "ponts roulants" are likely to earn a good profit on their cost of construction and working.

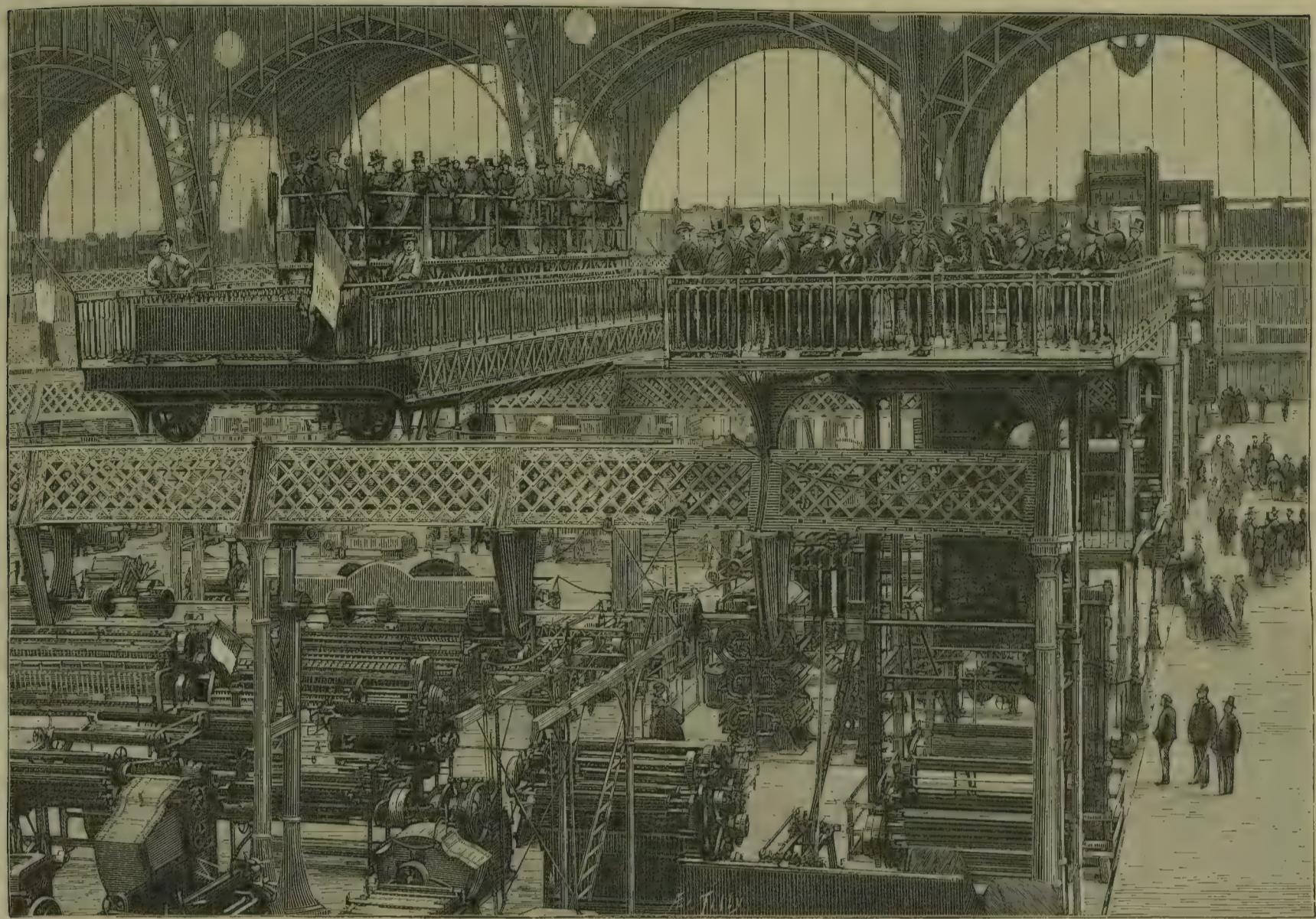
R.S.V.P.

How frequently in bygone days will many of my readers have regarded with mingled feelings these four significant initials in the corner of *billet*s of invitation R.S.V.P.! *Repondez s'il vous plaît!* Yes; but if it didn't please you? Suppose the invitation were one (as will sometimes happen) you would rather have ignored than distinctly accepted or refused? The words apparently carried a conditional meaning; but, as a matter of fact, custom had made them imperative. Therefore, you were compelled to make your decision, though you had good reasons, perhaps, for wishing to avoid it. And, as a direct refusal might prove inconvenient, an acceptance was forced upon you—an acceptance which you penned with a spasm of reluctance, knowing that it would expose you, in all human probability, to various kinds of mental, moral, or physical suffering. R.S.V.P.! Letters which looked so inoffensive, and yet, beneath the surface, were so full of horrid possibilities! An invitation to dine with the Montmorency Browns, perhaps—and you would rather have placed your best front tooth at the mercy of an advertising dentist! If you could but have escaped the necessity of committing yourself, how thankful you would have been! But no: R.S.V.P., and you were compelled to please. You did not care to offend them deliberately—you can pass by a man without stepping on his toes!—and were reduced to "accept with pleasure," knowing all the time that Brown's dinner would give you a fit of dyspepsia, and Brown's guests an attack of the blues.

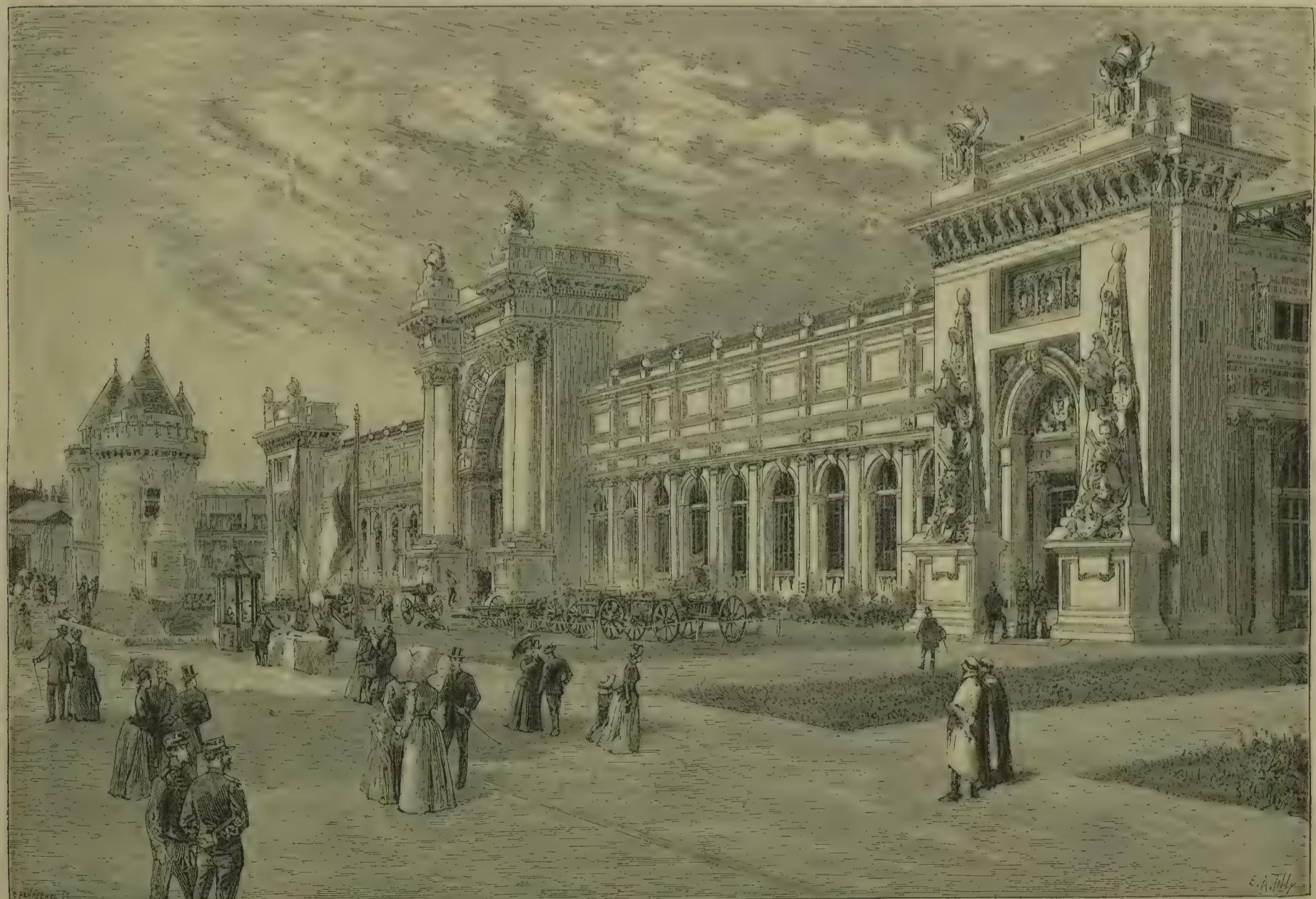
There are a good many people, by-the-way, to whom one would like to address one's self if the letters R.S.V.P. still retained their arbitrary character. To the politician, for instance, in some such strain as this: "My dear Sir,—What are the principles which really actuate you in your public life? Are you possessed with a sincere desire for your country's good, or are you thinking only of self-advancement? You make constant use of certain party watchwords—do you honestly believe in the party creeds they embody? R.S.V.P." One would be astonished, I fancy, if the invitation called forth a really candid reply. Then there is the popular man of letters: one would like to say to him: "My dear Sir,—A large number of persons of more or less (generally less) intellect hang upon your words as if they were the oracular utterances of a prophet. Are you conscious of the responsibility that thus devolves upon you? You remember what Lord Lyttelton says of Thomson, that he had never written 'one line which, dying, he would wish to blot'? When your time comes, my friend, can as much be said of you? You have not forgotten Milton's noble words:—'I invoke the Almighty to witness that I never, at any time, wrote anything which I did not think agreeable to truth, to justice, and to piety. Nor was I ever prompted by the influence of ambition, by the lust of lucre or of praise.' My dear Sir, can you adopt these words—can you make them fully and fairly your own? R.S.V.P." Then, to the divine one might write: "My dear Sir,—Do you sincerely believe what you preach? Do you keep back nothing from your flock? Have you no secret excuses, equivocations, limitations? Are you inspired by a simple wish to help your fellow-men to live pure and beautiful and holy lives, and do you double the effect of your teaching by the force of your example? 'God Himself is Truth,' says Milton; 'in propagating which, as men display a greater integrity and zeal, they approach nearer to the similitude of God, and possess a greater portion of His love.' Is this your case? R.S.V.P." In like manner one might question Dives as to the use he makes of his "real and personal property," the philanthropist as to his sincerity, the demagogue as to his motives, the pessimist as to his theory of life; and so our R.S.V.P.s might go the round of Society, causing no doubt an infinite searching of heart and awakening of conscience. Lastly, one might look at home, and say to one's self: "Are you really doing the duty which is clearly yours—the task which God has plainly given you to do? 'Man,' says Bacon, 'is certainly of kin to the beasts by his body; and if he be not of kin to God by his spirit, he is an ignoble creature!' How is it, then, with you? Are you sure, my friend, that you are neither humbug nor hypocrite, liar nor sneak, but a true man? R.S.V.P."

W. H. D.A.

Sir Charles Tupper, High Commissioner for the Dominion of Canada, arrived at Liverpool on May 24 by the Royal mail-steamer Parisian. He proceeded to London by an early train next morning, so as to be present at the banquet given by the Colonial Secretary in celebration of her Majesty's birthday.



GALLERY OF MACHINES: LES PONTS ROULANTS.



PAVILION OF THE MINISTER OF WAR.

FROM GRAY TO COWPER.

When Gray died in 1771, in the fifty-fifth year of his age, lyrical poetry may be said for the time to have died with him. Collins had been dead for years, and if we except Charles Wesley, justly famous for his hymns, there was not a singer left among the poets. Oliver Goldsmith, the most distinguished of the number, had three years more of life before him, and unhappy years, it is to be feared, they were. His sweetness as a versifier cannot be praised too highly, and the idyllic charm of his poetry pervades also, as with the first breath of spring, the most lovely miniature romance in the language. He could not sing, but his tenderness of feeling, his graceful ease and felicity of description, have won for Goldsmith a place which the love of all English hearts will secure to him among the minor poets of his country.

His friend, Dr. Johnson, survived him for thirteen years and may be regarded, I think, in 1774, as the first of living poets. There are critics who say of him, as they have said of Pope, that he is not entitled to be called one. They measure the art by a standard of their own, and exclude all the versifiers who, in their judgment, fail to attain it. But poetry, like nature, has an infinite variety of aspects, and you might as well complain that there can be no beauty of scenery in the absence of mountain and of sea, as that there can be no poet who does not reach the ideal suggested by a Milton or a Wordsworth. It is, I think, impossible to read Johnson's "London" and "Vanity of Human Wishes," without the exaltation of feeling created by poetry. There is a strength and resonance in the verses which are strangely inspiriting, and affect us as no mere poetical rhetoric can. When Scott was asked what poetry he liked best, he said Johnson's, and that he had more pleasure in reading "London" and the "Vanity of Human Wishes" than any other poetical composition he could mention; and of the latter poem (in Byron's judgment a grand one), Scott wrote that its "deep and pathetic morality has often extracted tears from those whose eyes wander dry over pages professedly sentimental." And in spite of the sneers of the critics, many a smaller man than Byron or Scott has felt very much what they felt on reading these poems. Poets of the highest order are rare indeed—the choicest flowers don't grow in every garden—but depend upon it the domain of poetry is wide enough to hold a Pope and a Wordsworth, a Johnson and a Coleridge. At the same time, the mere verseman, however high his culture, if allowed a place in this domain by his own generation, will assuredly be ejected from it by the verdict of time. That has been the just fate of Darwin's highly polished and greatly admired poem, "The Botanic Garden," published after a long period of labour, some ten years before the end of the century; of the works of Mason, on whose poetry Gray expended so much kind, but unavailing, criticism; and of "The Triumphs of Temper," which for twenty years made Hayley the most popular of poets.

About eleven months before Gray died of gout, Thomas Chatterton, "the marvellous boy," had "perished in his pride" in the eighteenth year of his age. No word can more fitly describe what he has left behind him than Wordsworth's term, "marvellous." Chatterton was a prodigy of genius, a wonder, and little more. Critics say, and perhaps rightly, that had he lived he might have ranked with our greatest poets. Yes, "might have"; but the "thin-spun life" was slit in the dawn of youth, and now, amidst the mass of Chatterton's strange verse, there are not, I think, more than two poems which the reader will claim as gifts which he could not afford

to lose—the "Ballad of Charity" and the "Minstrel's Roundelay."

The Rowley Poems were a boy's brilliant forgery; another literary forger, born fourteen years before Chatterton, succeeded in making himself notorious, if not famous. When Macpherson printed his "Ossian," or rather a part of it, Gray wrote that he was plagued to know if the fragments were genuine, but was so struck with their "infinite beauty" that he was resolved, he said, to believe in them. By degrees Macpherson came to be regarded as an impostor, and his poetry, which charmed the first Napoleon, as a sham. Dr. Johnson said what he thought on the subject in his vigorous fashion, so that Macpherson threatened him with bodily harm. He did not know his man; "I hope," was the reply, "I never shall be deterred from detecting what I think a cheat by the menaces of a ruffian." There are men to this day who believe in Macpherson, but there are not many who read "Ossian," which is now chiefly curious as the source of a portentously long and elaborate controversy.

From Cath-Loda, Fingal, and Temora it is a relief to turn to three or four poets who went to Nature for their inspiration and gave a new life to English poetry. It is true that Wordsworth did more in this direction than any single poet; but it is also true that previous to his earliest significant efforts some Scottish poets, including the greatest of them all, as well as Crabbe and Cowper, had discarded in a great degree the conventional diction which was in vogue throughout the greater part of the century.

Once more truthfulness and simplicity of language were welcomed, and to these gifts was added the imaginative faculty, without which verse is superfluous and as barren as an African desert. It was in the eighteenth century that some of the sweetest notes of song came to us from Scotland, and long before the arrival of a supreme singer in Burns, those notes were heard. A list of authors might be mentioned whose lyrics inspired the greatest of Scottish poets, and it is remarkable that many of these minor but genuine lyrists flourished when, for the most part, verse had degenerated in England to a respectable manufacture. Some of the best of these singers were women. Jean Adams wrote the famous song "There's nae luck about the house." Isabel Pagan wrote "Ca' the yowes to the knowes," which Burns called a "beautiful song in the true old Scotch taste." Jane Elliot and Mrs. Cockburn both wrote "The Flowers of the Forest," and the reader of the two versions will probably find it hard to say which he likes the most. Lady Baillie, too, wrote "Warena my heart licht I wad dee"; and in Burns's day his own "Clarinda," Lady Nairne, and Lady Anne Lindsay—witness her incomparable song "Auld Robin Gray"—added in no mean measure to the fame of Scottish song.

The genius of Burns had much to feed upon in the minstrelsy of his native land; and how the poet thrived on this rare diet we all know to our joy. For quantity as well as quality, for pathos as well as humour, the songs of the peasant

Who walked in glory and in joy,

Following his plough upon the mountain side, are surely not to be surpassed. The charm of them is inexhaustible. They have all the freshness of Nature, and much of her variety; and one cannot but deplore that the pure gold of his poetry is mixed with so much that is corrupt and worthless. Burns is the prince of song-writers; and he is more than this, for poems such as "Tam o' Shanter," "The Cotter's Saturday Night," "To a Mouse," "To a Mountain

Daisy," the "Lament for Glencairn," and many another piece which might be mentioned, show that imagination, the poet's highest faculty, did not desert Burns when he left love for other themes. It is interesting to remember that the two greatest writers of Scotland once met—Scott, of course, being at the time a mere boy. In spite of Scott's moral superiority—for the "mighty minstrel" never wrote a line he need wish to blot—the two poets were alike in many ways: in manliness of character, in patriotism, in the love of what a vulgar person regards as common things, and in that affection for animals which led the inspired ploughman to write an epitaph on "Poor Mailie" and to address the field-mouse as a fellow mortal, and which compelled Scott on the death of a dog to excuse himself from a dinner-party on the plea that he had lost a dear friend. In tenderness and pity for "the meanest thing that breathes" Burns and Cowper are the forerunners of Coleridge and Wordsworth. But of Cowper, the most distinguished poet between Gray and the close of the last century, and of Crabbe, who joined him in preparing the way for a poetical revolution, I hope to say something in another paper. The place of these two writers in the history of English poetry is one of no small significance. J. D.

Mr. W. H. Smith and Mr. A. J. Balfour received, on May 22, the honorary freedom and livery of the Goldsmiths' Company. Subsequently they were entertained at dinner, when a distinguished company, including the Prime Minister, were present.

The annual meeting of the Cymry Fydd, or Welsh National Society, was held on May 22, at the St. Pancras Vestry Hall. Some of the Welsh members of Parliament were present, and spoke in support of a resolution advocating Home Rule for the Principality.

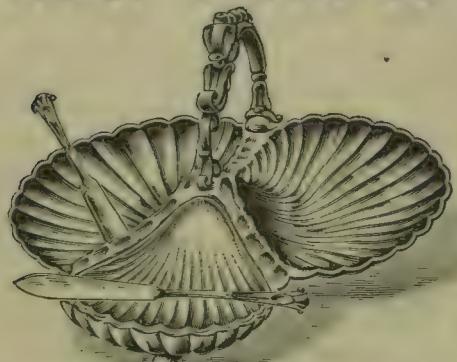
Mr. Ritchie, M.P., opened a bazaar on May 22, in aid of a fund of £2000 required for the restoration of St. Mary's Church buildings, St. George's-in-the-East. There was a large attendance, including the Countess of Aberdeen, Lady Harriet Lindsay, Lady Balfour of Burleigh, and Sir George Bowen.

Her Majesty's Commissioners of 1851, having taken into consideration the insufficiency of the accommodation now at the disposal of the authorities of the Royal College of Music, have granted a site on which may be erected a building which will afford accommodation for the largely-increased number of the pupils. Mr. Samson Fox has added £15,000 to his former munificent promise of £30,000, and has handed to the Prince of Wales, President, £45,000, to provide the new college buildings.

The Organist Scholarship of £90 a year, at Caius College, Cambridge, has been awarded to Charles Wood, of Selwyn College, Cambridge, and a Fellow of the College of Organists.—Thompson, Bradford Grammar-School, has been elected to an Open Mathematical Scholarship at Magdalene College.—The first lately vacant Tyrwhitt Hebrew Scholarship is not awarded. The second is adjudged to Drs. F. C. Burkitt, of Trinity College, who has also gained the Mason prize for Biblical Hebrew.

The Rev. F. J. Chavasse, M.A., of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, Rector of St. Peter-le-Bailey, Oxford, has accepted the principalship of Wycliffe Hall, on the resignation of Mr. Girdlestone, who held that post since the establishment of the Hall. Mr. Chavasse took a first-class in the Law and History School in 1869, and was Select Preacher in 1888.—The Association for the Education of Women in Oxford has awarded a scholarship of £25 a year to Miss Eva Leather, of the Oxford High School for Girls.

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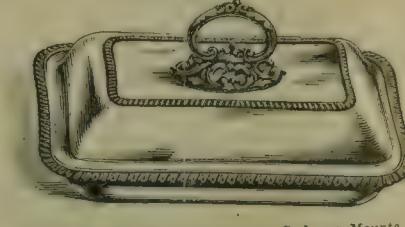


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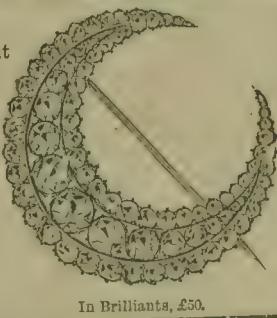
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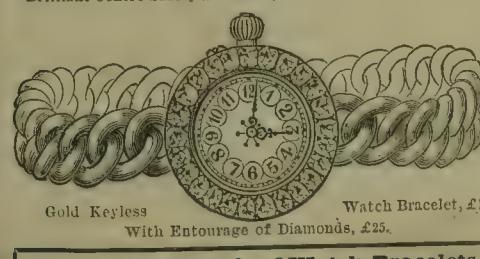


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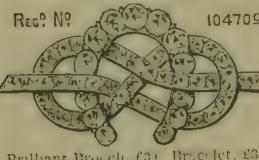
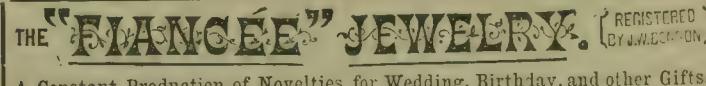
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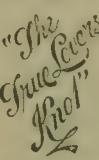
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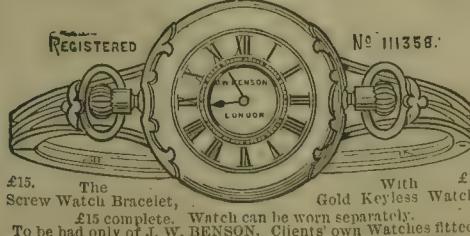
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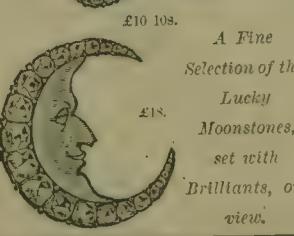
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THE LADIES' COLUMN.

Whether it be owing to the attractions at Paris bringing a large number of American and country visitors to London in passing—or whether it be the charm of such a glorious May as few of us can remember—certain it is that the London season is proving exceptionally bright and gay already. It is generally understood to be a crescendo till Ascot week, and then the inevitable reverse process begins. But this year high tide seems to have arrived at an abnormally early date.

All the great houses are open, balls and receptions crowd every evening, the Row is a promenade because there is no room to canter, the drive is a slow procession of the most magnificent horseflesh that treads the globe, Piccadilly is a struggling mob of lordly barouches, festive Victorias, respectable broughams, plebeian "busses," active hansom, labouring waggons, hard-working gigs, and dismal "growlers." The streets are swept and garnished, the shop-windows are the most attractive display of all that art can produce or heart desire, the florists' counters are heaped with blooms worth more than their weight in gold, the modistes show new and yet newer and more novel novelties each fresh morning, and the jewellers' windows outdo Aladdin's dreams. The frocks that walk Regent-street would make Whitechapel gaze and follow, and the endless throng of glossy hats, speckless coats, fancy ties, white vests, and pretty shoes show that the manly mind also concerns itself with clothes. The picture galleries are full of country cousins, St. James's Hall still echoes with the sounds of one concert when an audience gathers for the next, the Opera is a fashionable rendezvous where it is necessary to be often seen, and charity balls, bazaars, sermons, annual meetings, and exhibitions overwhelm the most generous givers.

It is all so bright, so gay, so charming, this life that runs so fast on the well-greased wheels of wealth and leisure! The right side of the tapestry of rich existence is so full of colour and variety! Who will tell the hard-working girl and the struggling young man of the ennui, over-fatigue, foiled ambition, weariness of life, and monotony of pleasure that so many of these favourites of fortune feel? Nay, why should one think of such things in face of such brilliant seeming? Only that, perhaps, when the glitter seems so very bright compared to the leaden dulness close at hand, it is well to recall the humble mind to those facts of human nature which make a simple truth and no humbug of the old saying, "Wealth is not happiness"; albeit it is humbug to deny that in its measure money affords means for happiness.

The Opera has returned to its old place as a fashionable resort. The stalls and the surrounding circle of boxes—which together completely fill the floor—and the "grand circle" of boxes which form a complete amphitheatre on the first tier, secure that there shall be, when the house is full, an array of fashion and splendour such as no theatre broken into pit and first circle benches can ever show. From box to box, the eye travels from one well-coiffed head glittering with diamond-pins or bearing the weight of a sparkling tiara to another flashing back the rays of light from similar adornments, from one white bosom hung with gems to another veiled with costly lace, held in position with equally splendid jewels; no muddled-up or home-made gowns, no shoddy ornamentation and patches and scraps of unsuitable decoration, but one vista of all that art can do in dress to assist nature, and all that diamonds can do to add state to grace—it is truly a magnificent scene.

Conspicuous amongst many interesting groups is, of course, the Royal party: the Princess of Wales with her two big sons,

looking really a little older than herself. Prince George, with a short, fair beard covering cheeks and chin, is quite a different person from the gay lad of a year ago; and Prince Edward is perceptibly settling into manhood. Their graceful, youthful mother was in black, wearing her famous deep collar or encircling necklace of pearls, and having her hair dressed in an original way with diamonds. In the front coil was pinned a large diamond comet, and other brilliant ornaments were placed along the middle of the head, as though above the parting, ending with a diamond comb fixed in at the back. The Princess wore, as she usually does, except in the fullest of evening dress, elbow sleeves, and her bodice, though open in a deep square in front, was high at the back.

There is a strong tendency for low evening gowns this season to drop off the point of the shoulder, so that the little strap that makes believe to be the sleeve comes well down the arm. The Countess of Dudley's dress was a conspicuous instance. It was a white Empire gown with silver passementerie and sash; the sleeves fell about four inches down the arm, coming level with the cut of the top of the bodice. Many of the best new gowns are so made, but it gives a very undressed appearance. The Empire styles, as I predicted some months ago, are leading: high waists, wide sashes above the hips, plain fronts to skirts, trimmed round the bottom with a hem of flowers or a broad band of square-patterned passementerie of beads or bullion thread. The plain pointed bodices with folds of crêpe or muslin for fichu are still much worn, however, and in these there is a tendency to trim one side differently from the other. For instance, Lady Anderson wore at the Opera a mauve faille dress with a trail of orchids commencing on one shoulder, passing down to the middle of the front, and then forming a vest, thence drawn round to the left hip, and depending to the hem as a sort of sash, while the other side of the bodice was draped with mauve crêpe-de-Chine, fastened with diamond brooches.

At a recent smart party, a much-admired gown was of white satin with overskirt of black jetted net, bordered with deep black silk gimp shaped like palm-leaves turned downwards, the bordering headed with white ostrich-feather trimming. The bodice was white satin covered with jetted net, and its top was trimmed with the same gimp, while a sash of the ostrich-feathers started from the left arm-hole beneath the arm and passed round, sloping downwards, to under the bust on the right side, where it ended with a gimp motif of the same design as the trimming; a black sash lined with white encircled the waist and fell to the ground at the right side. Another new sort of gown, more daring, was worn by a very tall lady of title well on towards forty, and, though looking quite young in face and figure, having a touch of matronly dignity added. Her dress was gold and black, and the low bodice was literally made in two halves. One half was of the black armure royale made quite plain, and a short puffed sleeve on that side was of gold; the other half, of gold faille, was pleated round from the décolleté top to the waist in an ingenious fashion, and the sleeve on that side was of black armure with a bit of gold let in. No fastening was visible as this bodice was worn; it was really, I think, hooked up under the arm on the black side. The skirt was nearly all black armure, but the train was turned back with gold, and the tablier was draped with gauze embroidered with gold spangles.

One more gown at the same grand house deserves description; it was a white silk brocaded in stripes with tiny black-

berries in velvet; the bodice was cut so that the stripes passed round the figure from the right shoulder across under the left side of the bust, and the space above on the left side was filled in with closely-jetted net, forming a sort of half-cuirass. This bodice laced at the back. A pale yellow silk, with an epaulette or butterfly bow of heliotrope lined with something stiff so that it stood erect on the shoulder, and heliotrope sash high up; and a blue-grey brocaded silk in two shades, made with a Watteau train, a blue faille front, and a berthe, half-belt, and hem all of silver passementerie, were also "well-worn" gowns, and give a correct idea of new if rather pronounced styles.—FLORENCE FENWICK-MILLER.

The Duchess of Rutland presented the prizes and certificates to pupils of the Royal Normal College and Academy of Music for the Blind, at the Crystal Palace, on May 25, when an excellent concert was given by students of the college.

A handsome stained-glass window has been placed in Lutterworth church as a memorial to the late Rector, the Rev. J. N. Tarlton. The subject represented is Our Lord's Sermon on the Mount, and the work is from the studio of Messrs. Warrington and Co., Fitzroy-square.

The vacant deanery of St. Asaph has been accepted by the Rev. John Owen M.A., warden and head-master of the college, Llandovery. Mr. Owen was a scholar of Jesus College, Oxford, where he obtained a second class in Classical and Mathematical Moderations, and a second class in Finals in 1876. Mr. Owen was formerly tutor and Welsh Professor at St. David's College, Lampeter. During his wardenship at Llandovery College the number of the staff and of the pupils has largely increased.

In the banqueting-hall of St. James's Restaurant on May 24, Baroness Burdett-Coutts presented the prizes to the successful competitors in the recent Cookery and Food Exhibition, at Knightsbridge. There was a very goodly gathering of those interested in the undertaking, and it is satisfactory to know that the show has been a complete success. Lady Burdett-Coutts, in the course of a brief address, especially commended the children who gained honours. The profits of the exhibition, exceeding £250, will be dispensed in charity. The prize-giving was followed later in the evening by a banquet, at which Mr. Burdett-Coutts, M.P., took the chair.

"In Flowerland" is a somewhat bold and novel exhibition, arranged by Miss Ada Bell, at Messrs. Tooth's Galleries (5 and 6, Haymarket). Miss Bell has at various times attracted attention by her clever flower pictures, which have been seen at the principal London shows. On the present occasion she challenges not only criticism but comparison. On one side of the gallery is arranged a splendid mass of natural flowers, and on the other three sides of the room are Miss Bell's renderings of all sorts of flowers, indigenous and exotic. The challenge thrown down by art to nature is hardly a fair one; but in the contest Miss Ada Bell does not come off with loss of honour. Some of her work—especially her irises, primulas, chrysanthemums, and occasionally her roses, are most deftly done. She has very great delicacy of touch, and a nice sense of colour. In addition to her art-qualifications, Miss Bell seems to have an extensive knowledge of English poetry, for the catalogue is made up of well-selected passages referring to the various flowers which have formed the subjects of the painter's handiwork. Altogether, the exhibition is one which deserves to attract the attention of the ever-widening circle of flower-painters and their friends.

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WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 16, 1884), with five codicils (dated Aug. 7, 1884; Feb. 16 and 26, 1885; July 16, 1886; and July 30, 1888), of Mr. Warren De la Rue, D.C.L., F.R.S., Ph.D., late of No. 73, Portland-place, who died on April 19, was proved on May 22 by Mrs. Georgiana De la Rue, the widow, Thomas Andros De la Rue and Ernest De la Rue, the sons, and William Thomas Shaw, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £307,000. The testator gives £11,000, his house, No. 73, Portland-place, with the furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, £1000 per annum, his box, No. 8 on the first tier, at the Albert Hall, and £500 to pay the charges thereon, to his wife, Mrs. Georgiana De la Rue; £500 to William Thomas Shaw; £5000 to follow the trusts of the marriage settlement of his daughter, Mrs. Alice Georgiana Pollock; £25,000, upon trust, for his son, Herbert De la Rue; £500 to Miss Ellen Tanner; £1000 to his wife's nephew, Georges Lignerolles; legacies to friends, servants, and others; and £15,000 to his son, Warren William De la Rue, as a mark of affection, he being already very wealthy. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one fifth each, to his sons Ernest, Thomas, and Herbert; one fifth, upon trust, for his daughter, Mrs. Pollock; and the remaining one fifth, less a sum of £15,000, upon trust for his son Herbert.

The Scotch Confirmation, under seal of the Commissary Court of Kincardineshire, of the trust disposition and settlement (dated May 1, 1885), with two codicils (dated June 21 and Oct. 13, 1886), of Sir Thomas Gladstone, Bart., late of Fasque and Balfour, Kincardine, who died March 20, granted to Dame Louisa Fellowes or Gladstone, the widow, and Sir John Robert Gladstone, Bart., the son, the executors nominate, was resealed in London on May 23, the value of the personal estate in England and Scotland amounting to upwards of £254,000.

The will (dated May 3, 1886) of the Hon. Henry Hanbury-Tracy, J.P., D.L., late of No. 26, Eccleston-square, who died on April 6, was proved on May 18 by Lord Sudeley, the nephew, and the Rev. Frederick Peel, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £152,000. The testator gives £500 to each executor; £250 per annum, and his house at Norwood, upon trust, for his son, Charles Henry Tamworth Hanbury-Tracy; and the household plate, furniture, pictures, jewels, &c., to his two daughters. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one half, upon trust, for each of his daughters, Rosa Mary Hanbury-Tracy and Henrietta Susannah Hanbury-Tracy, for life, and then to their children.

The will (dated June 3, 1884), with a codicil (dated June 18, 1884), of Mr. William Baker Naylor, late of Ponder's End, Middlesex, who died on Feb. 24, was proved on May 16, by the Rev. Nathaniel Jennings and Edward Bell, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £128,000. The testator gives £3000 to his cousin, Mrs. Marianne Terrell; £1500, upon trust, for Edmund Barrett for life and then to Mrs. Terrell; and legacies and annuities to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves as to one eleventh each, to his cousins Harriet Sawyer, Reginald Jennings, the Rev. Nathaniel Jennings, Frederick Jennings, Edward Ball, the children of the late Rev. George G. Ryder, and the children of Mrs. Susan Cowell, one eleventh each to Henry Jennings, Ann Jennings and Eliza Jennings, for life, and on their respective deaths between Reginald Jennings, the

Rev. Nathaniel Jennings, Frederick Jennings, and the children of Mrs. Cowell; and the remaining one eleventh, upon trust, for Emma Ball for life, and then to Edward Ball.

The will (dated July 29, 1887) of Mr. John Thomas Crossley, late of No. 91, Cheyne-walk, Chelsea, who died on April 29, was proved on May 14 by John Thomas Crossley, Q.C., the son, the sole executor, the value of the personal estate exceeding £48,000. The testator gives an annuity of £200 to his housekeeper, Harriet Patrick; an annuity of £20 to his cousin, Jemima Crossley; and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves to his said son absolutely.

The will (dated July 28, 1887), with a codicil (dated April 9, 1889), of Mr. Miles Miley, late of No. 21, Belsize-avenue, Hampstead, and Woodlands, Bishops Stortford, who died on May 1, was proved on May 16 by John Miley, the brother, John Foster Cooper, the son-in-law, and Miles Miley, the son, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £600, his furniture and jewels, the use of his house No. 21, Belsize-avenue, and the income of certain stocks and houses, to his wife, Mrs. Miley; £15,000, upon trust, and the share and interest coming to him under the will of his father, to his daughter, Mrs. Mary Emily Cooper; £100 to his sister, Ellen Miley; £300 to his niece, Grace Miley; and £100 to each executor. He devises his house and land at Bishops Stortford to his daughter, Mrs. Cooper. The residue of his property he leaves to his son Miles Miley.

The will (dated Nov. 3, 1880) with a codicil (dated Feb. 7, 1884), of Mr. Joseph Yorke, J.P., D.L., late of Forthampton Court, Tewkesbury, Gloucestershire, who died on Feb. 4, was proved on May 16 by John Reginald Yorke, the son and Philip Vernon Smith, the executors, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £25,000. The testator gives £1000, his live and dead stock, and part of his furniture and jewels to his wife, Mrs. Frances Yorke; £3000 to his sister-in-law, Georgiana Yorke; £100 to Philip Vernon Smith; the use, for life, of his plate to his son, John Reginald Yorke, and then to his grandson, Augustus Yorke; and annuities and legacies to servants. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life; then as to his farm and lands, called Little Downend, Worcester, to follow the trusts of the marriage settlement of his son, and the ultimate residue, upon trust, for his said son, for life, and then to his grandson, Augustus Yorke.

The Scotch Confirmation, under Seal of the Commissariot of the county of Edinburgh, of the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Lee Harvey, widow, late of Castle-Semple, Renfrew, who died on Jan. 13, at No. 85, Cadogan-square, granted to the Rev. Sir William Vincent, Bart., the curator, guardian, and administrator-in-law of Francis Erskine Vincent, a minor, the nephew and next-of-kin, was resealed in London on May 18, the value of the personal estate exceeding £22,000 in England and Scotland.

The will (dated Feb. 1, 1887) of Lady Maria Frances Williams-Bulkeley, late of Pelling Place, Old Windsor, widow, who died on March 5, was proved on May 13 by Brice Hugh Pearse, the nephew and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being sworn to exceed £10,000. The testatrix gives £1000 to her son, Charles Williams-Bulkeley; £200 to her grand-daughter, Bridget Williams-Bulkeley; £200 each to her sister-in-law, Lady Maria Stanley Errington, and to her friend, Mrs. Henrietta Massey; £500 to her niece, Lady Ethel Baring; £300 to her niece, Viscountess Pollington; £300 to

Major St. Quentin, of the 10th Hussars; £500 to Andrew Laurie; and an annuity of £100 to her maid, Sarah Bromley. The residue of her real and personal estate she leaves to her brother, Sir John Stanley Errington.

The will (dated Dec. 16, 1876), with a codicil (dated May 21, 1880), of the Rev. Edward Moore, Honorary Canon of Canterbury, late of The Oaks, Ospringe, Faversham, who died on April 20, was proved on May 6 by the Rev. Edward Marsham Moore, the son, and Mrs. Charlotte Isabella Henrietta Moore, the widow, the executors, the value of the personal estate exceeding £8000. Subject to legacies to servants, the testator leaves all his property to his wife absolutely.

The will of the late Major-General Edward Henry Blomfield, who died on April 12, 1889, has been proved by Sir Henry John Selwin Hobson, Bart., M.P., and Mr. James Archibald Stirling, the chairman and general manager respectively of the Trustees, Executors, and Securities Insurance Corporation, Limited, Winchester House, Old Broad-street, E.C., the net value of the personality being £4683 8s. 1d. This is the first will in which a corporation has acted as executors, thus supplying a real public want.

At a meeting of the Royal Botanic Society, held on May 25, the Marquis of Bristol, who presided, announced to the meeting that the Prince of Wales had fixed the date of the Society's Jubilee Floral Parade and Feast of Roses for July 15, in place of July 10, as originally proposed, and signified his intention of being present and distributing the prizes.

A large company assembled on May 25 to witness the opening of a new gate to Kew Gardens and a new road to the railway station at Kew. The ceremony was performed by Mr. D. Plunket, First Commissioner of Works. The new gate, which is named after the Queen, and the new road will be of great convenience to the public, and will relieve the traffic in the vicinity. Prior to the opening ceremony a luncheon was held at the Kew Gardens Hotel, under the presidency of Mr. T. Skewes Cox. There was a large company.

The heap of ruins which for more than two hundred years marked the site of the chancel of the fine old church of Cromer no longer exists, a plan of restoration having been entered upon a little more than two years ago. The work which has involved an expenditure of between £6000 and £7000 is now near completion, and an urgent appeal is made for the balance of £625 required in order that the chancel may be opened during the coming summer. Donations acknowledged by the Rev. F. Fitch, Vicar of Cromer, Norfolk; or, Mr. Alfred Burton, secretary.

The forty-seventh session of the Architectural Association was brought to a close on May 23 by a successful concert given by the Architectural Association Lyric Club. The gathering took place at the galleries of the Nineteenth Century Art Society, and was attended by a numerous company. A large and interesting selection from the students' works executed during the session was hung in the rooms of the Royal Institute of British Architects, and there were also on view the drawings submitted in competition for the Architectural Association's travelling and Cates' Paris studentships, some of Mr. Ernest George's beautiful etchings, and a fine collection of sketches and drawings in colour, monochrome, and pencil lent by various past and present students of the Architectural Association.

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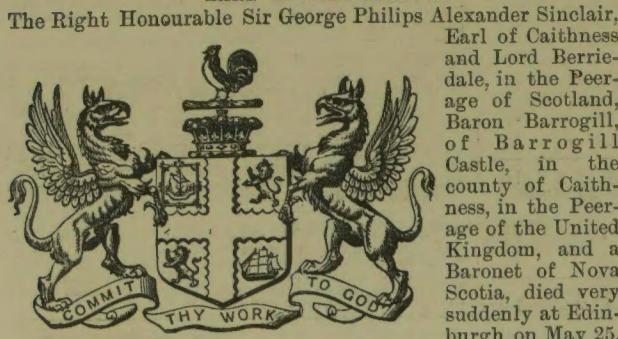
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OBITUARY.

EARL OF CAITHNESS.



whence he had come to attend the Established Church General Assembly. His Lordship was born Nov. 30, 1858, the only son of James, fourteenth Earl of Caithness, Lord-Lieutenant and Vice-Admiral of Caithness, and some time a Lord-in-Waiting to the Queen, by his first wife, Louisa Georgiana, daughter of Sir George Richard Philips, Baronet of Weston, in the county of Warwick, and succeeded to the title on the death of his father, March 29, 1881. He was educated at Magdalene College, Cambridge, and was Lord-Lieutenant of Caithness-shire, and Lieutenant-Colonel of the Caithness and Sutherland Artillery Volunteers. As the deceased Peer was unmarried the title becomes dormant.

SIR THOMAS HUGHES, BART.

The Rev. Sir Thomas Collingwood Hughes, eighth Baronet, of East Bergholt Lodge, in the county of Suffolk, died on May 22, at his residence, Little Billing Rectory, Northampton. He was born Aug. 12, 1800, the eldest son of the Rev. Sir Robert Hughes, third Baronet (for over forty-five years Rector of Frimley St. Mary, Suffolk), by Bertha, his second wife, daughter of Mr. Thomas Hiscutt, and succeeded to the title, on the death of his nephew, at the beginning of the present year. He was educated at Downing College, Cambridge, where he graduated B.A. in 1829, and entering holy orders in the latter year, became Curate of Wheatacre in 1845. He was Vicar of South Tawton from 1860 to 1872, and Rector of Little Billing, Northampton, from 1872 up to the time of his death. He married, first, May 31, 1820, Elizabeth St. John, daughter and coheiress of Mr. Robert Butcher, of The Grange, near Bungay, which lady died in 1879; and secondly, April 20, 1881, Mary Agnes Wenwood, daughter of Sir William Smith, third Baronet, of Eardiston. By the

former he had five sons and five daughters. The deceased Baronet is succeeded by his third, but eldest surviving son, now Sir Alfred Hughes, ninth Baronet, who was born Jan. 3, 1825, and married, in 1851, Maria, daughter of the late Colonel John Smith, of Ellingham Hall, in the county of Norfolk, by whom he has six sons and six daughters. The family of Hughes is of Welsh origin, and the first Baronet, then a Commissioner of the Portsmouth Dockyard, had the honour, in that capacity, of publicly entertaining King George III. during his Majesty's visit in 1773.

BISHOP OF WATERFORD.

The Most Rev. Pierce Power, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Waterford and Lismore, died on May 22, after a brief illness. He was born in 1824, received his education at Maynooth, and entering holy orders of the Church of Rome, was ordained Priest in 1855. He was made Professor of Logic and of Moral Theology in St. John's College, Waterford, in 1856, and became afterwards president of that college. He was parish priest of Dungarvan for seven years, and was coadjutor to the late Bishop for three years. He was consecrated Bishop of the important diocese of Waterford and Lismore only eighteen months ago.

We have also to record the deaths of—

Alderman Sir Thomas Dakin, the oldest member of the Corporation of the City of London, on May 24, at his residence in Wetherby-gardens, South Kensington, after a brief illness.

Mr. John O'Connor, the eminent scenic artist, after a long illness, on May 23, at his residence, Heath Croft, Blackwater, Hants. The deceased gentleman was not only distinguished as a scene-painter, but also as an executant in oil colours.

Elizabeth, Lady Dashwood, at her residence, 49, Grosvenor-square, on May 24, in her eighty-eighth year. She was the daughter of Mr. Theodore Henry Broadhead, and married, in 1823, Sir George Henry Dashwood, the sixth Baronet, who died in 1862.

Lady Brabourne, at her residence, 3, Queen Anne's-gate, on May 26. She was the youngest daughter of the late Rev. Marcus R. Southwell, of St. Albans, and married, in 1852, Edward Hugessen Knatchbull-Hugessen, first Baron Brabourne, who survives her, and by whom she leaves two sons and two daughters.

Dr. William Wright, Fellow of Queen's College and Professor of Arabic, on May 22 at his residence, Cambridge, after a lingering illness. He was born in India, and was one of the most eminent of European Orientalists. He was an honorary LL.D. of Cambridge, Dublin, Edinburgh, and St. Andrew's, and Ph.D. honoris causa of Leyden.

The Rev. John Christie, D.D., Professor of Church History at Aberdeen University, at Aberdeen, on May 24, in his sixtieth year. Professor Christie was to the last an ardent

student, and was a great frequenter of the University Library which is well stocked with theological literature. For many years Dr. Christie was a member of the Aberdeen School Board

The Venerable Thomas Sanctuary, Canon of Salisbury and Archdeacon of Dorset, suddenly, from bronchitis, at his residence, Powerstock House, Bridport, on May 27, at the age of seventy-two. He was ordained Deacon in 1845, and Priest in 1846. He was Vicar of Powerstock-with-Milton up to 1848, and Rector of North Poorton, Dorset, from 1852 to 1872.

The Hon. Edward Keppel Wentworth Coke, of Longford, near Derby, son of the first Earl of Leicester, on May 26, aged sixty-five years. He was widely known as a breeder of Shire horses, and was a prominent member of the Royal Agricultural Society. He represented West Norfolk in the Liberal interest from 1847 to 1852, and unsuccessfully contested South Derbyshire in the Unionist interest in 1886.

Major Charles Knyvett Leighton, Royal Welsh Fusiliers, suddenly, in India, on May 18, aged thirty-three. He was the only surviving son of the late Rev. Francis Knyvett Leighton, D.D., Warden of All Souls' College, Oxford, and Canon of Westminster, and entered the Army in 1873. He became Captain in 1881, and Major in 1885. He married, in 1879, Agatha Georgina, daughter of the late Lieutenant-General Edward Arthur Somerset, C.B., M.P.

Dr. Richard Rawle, Bishop of Trinidad, at Codrington College, Barbados, on May 9. He graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge, in 1835, and was third wrangler and fourth classic of his year. He was consecrated Bishop of Trinidad in Lichfield Cathedral by the late Bishop Selwyn, and held this see from 1872 to 1888. Owing to failing health, he resigned in 1888; but returned afterwards to Barbados, and again became Principal and Professor of Divinity at Codrington College.

Lieutenant-General the Hon. E. T. Gage, heir presumptive to the title now held by his nephew, Viscount Gage, of Firle Place, near Lewes, on May 21, at Folkestone. He was born in 1825, and was appointed Lieutenant-Colonel in the Royal Artillery in 1867, Colonel in the Army in 1868, Lieutenant-Colonel in 1877, and Colonel Royal Artillery in 1876. He commanded the Woolwich District in 1881, was appointed Colonel-Commandant in 1887, being placed on retired pay in 1888. He served as Brigade-Major at the battle of the Alma, was a Knight of the Medjidieh (fifth class), and received the Turkish Gold Medal for the campaign on the Danube in 1854.

Speaking at the annual meeting of representative managers of London Board Schools held at the School Board offices, on May 22, Mr. Mundella, M.P., stated that he would do all he could to improve the new Education Code and to pass it. He was in favour of the two codes running simultaneously.

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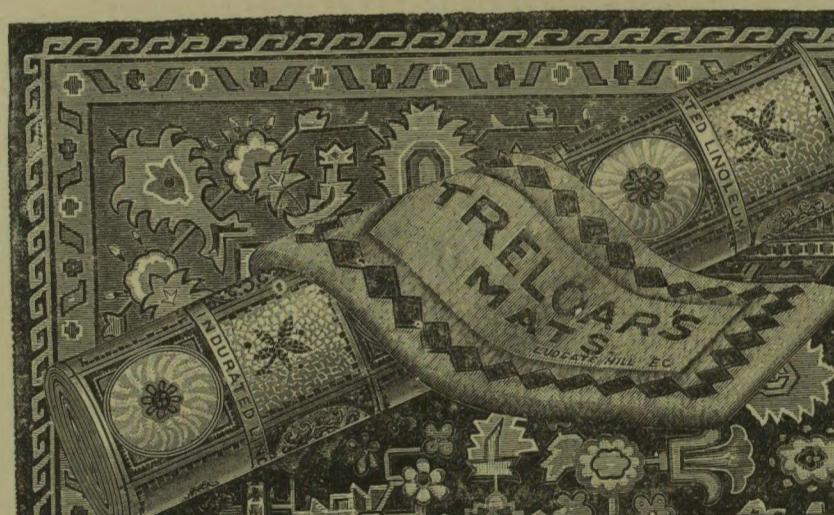
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In Real West of England Cloths,

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6/11, 9/11, 12/11, 16/11, 19/11, 22/6

"ROYAL NAVY" SERGE SUITS

With Singlet, Lanyard, and Whistle Complete, 6/11, 9/11, 12/11, 16/11, 19/11.

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CHILDREN'S SERGE KILT SUITS

With Singlet, Lanyard, and Whistle included, 4/11, 6/11, 8/11, 11/9, 13/9

Also in large sizes for

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Jacket, Vest, & Knickerbockers In good Durable Tweeds,

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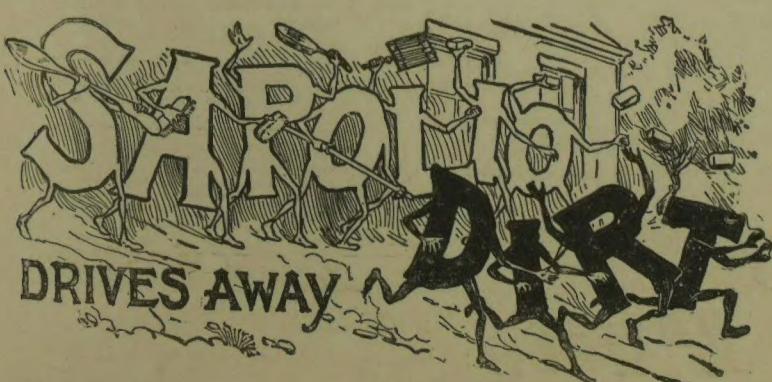
In Real West of England Cloths, &c.,

39/6, 44/6, 49/6.

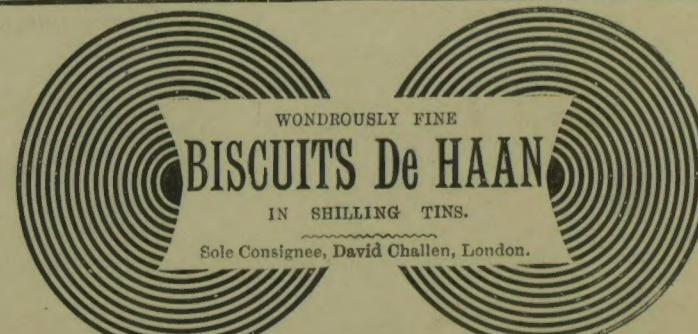
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